



Mathew Stevenson

*The printers proffit, not my pride
hath this Idea finify'd ;
For he pusht out the merrie pay
and M^r Gavwood made it gay.*



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00. 1-0
Occasions Off-spring.
OR
POEMS
UPON
Severall OCCASIONS

By Mathew Stevenson.

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus aga-*

Daniel



Fleming

L O N D O N ,
Printed for *Henry Twyford* in the middle
Temple 1654.

15466.66.25*



To my best Friend and
courteous Cosen Mr. Ben-
jamin Cook all good wishes.

SIR,

POur candid Interpretati-
ons of these conceits se-
verally, hath animated
mee to a gleaning them up toge-
ther; and betrai'd you to a Dedi-
cation, they say, *Quæ profunt sin-
gula, multa ju-vant*. Nor is it un-
usuall, for men of my condition,
in this nature, to repend the good
nature of their munificent friends.

A 2

How-

4. *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

However, did my starres promise mee any other requite, This trifling barke (ballanced with scarce any thing but sand and stones) should to the fortune of the doubtfull waves without a Palinure: in hope, either the shores would protect the shallow, or the deep drown it, out of sight, and time, out of minde. I confesse I can look upon it, no otherwise then a degree of impudence, to obtrude that upon your patronage which I my selfe have scarce confidence to owne : Neverthelesse, deigne it your accept, since, though you finde in it (probably) nothing good, you may yet assure

your

5.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

your self of the good will, and
good intents of him, that resolves
to leave nothing unattempted,
might any wayes render him

Sir,

Your most gratefull servant,

M. STEVENSON.

A 3

Reader,



READER.

Here here drawn up, a Poetick party of Pegasean pulfries in the new Artillary ground of this book, which as they now stand in close order, under the colours, and command of the Book-binder: seem no lesse unanimous, then uniforme; but upon a little examination, you shall finde them Pro and con, round and royll, and like the Cadmean Upstarts sheathing their weapons in each others entrails. Many of them I must tell you are Amazonian Archers fighting under the banner of their winged Generall; Others under the careleffe flaggs of fancy for the merry halfe Crownes: Aequa Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit. Others are at their guard, and wall in themselves with the stones of their obdurate hearts, of whom the Poet sajer. *Et dicam silices pectus habere.* If you chance (as I can not hope but you will)

Either

7.

either in mine or the Printers oversight,
meet some lame Scoulders, I hope they shal
likewise meet your charity. For the times,
being like themselves humoursome, they
seeme to promise me some approve ; provi-
ded the Proverb hold true, Like to like.
But what need I feare to mount that brain
sick stage, where evenlyes and Libellis, un-
der the new fangled motion of news, passe
as currant as our coine, for my part,
I am not so in love with my owne fea-
thers, as to think them worthy a terse eare,
or an ingenious eye : Nor doe I yet so ab-
dicate my owne ability, but that I judge
my paines, as much above your contempn.
as beneath your envy.

To

To the Author my very loving Cof. Mr. M. Stevenson.

Cof. I confess, and thou knowst I am one
That never yet had tast of Helicon.
Yet those loose ares that I did lately glean
From the full Harvest of thy fruitfull pen,
I bere returne shee; knowing the so kinde
Thou wilst my love: and not my language
minde.

Trust mee Cof. this course paper I designe
Not as a grace, but soyle to set off thine.
For I am certaine theres no eare so terse
But will be ravish't with thy smoother verse.
But hold; I must thy just applanse refraine
For that, Part of my bloud runn's in thy
veyne.

Yet they will pardon this poore God a mercie,
That note how many Poems point at

R. C.

oT

To

To the inimitable Poet, My
honourd friend,

The A U T H O R.

But must I pen thy prayse my nble friend
That were a task would never have an
end.

I do have thy golden Poems writ in Gold
Thy names great title in fames list enrold.
Virgill no more shall Prince of Poets be
But thou; Hee's but a petty Prince to thee.
Ile to the grove where freshest Laureats grow
And plat a wreath my self to crown thy brow.

H. A.

To my Ingenious friend, the
A U T H O R,

And must I add my mite Deare Steven-
son,
I know thou wilt accept it, well? tis done.
Faith I can't tell while I thy lines read ore
Whether I like thee! Or admire the more.

Tby

Thy books not fraught with tales of Robin
hood,
But lofty fancy, By the Lord tis good:
Thy sweet-lipp'd Muse most ample test doth
give,
Of high events, and I say let her Live.

N. B.

To my most esteemed friend,
The *AUTHOR*.

~~Tell me no more of Withers wilde abuses~~
~~Thy book a thousand times more wit produ-~~
~~ces.~~

Withers shall wither, whilst thy bayes are seen
Like Daphnes Chapplet of immortall green:

F. B.

To his very good friend
The *AUTHOR*.

I Have perus'd thy book in which I finde
The perfect portrait of thy noble minde.

I

I must confess I once was one of those
Did both suspect thy poesie, and prose.
But having read thee too, as well as it
I am thy witness, t'was thine owne pure witt.
And therefore shall even for thy sake alone
Conclud, Minerva weares a colour'd gowne.

R. D.

In Honorem Authoris.

Not that I think that thy Aonian wine
Hath any need of this poore bush of mine.
But that in some small measure yet I might
Express the love I owe thee, I must writ
And prayse thy fluent fancy that attaines
To that with ease, which others can't with pains
Many of these thy Poems did I see
Drop from thy ready pen Ex tempore.
And fitly cal'd Occasions of spring maist
For the to run of time flew not more fast:
Did the conceit come even twixt Cup and Lip.
It was thine owne occasion could not slip
Whence I me convinc'd that poetri's a spirit,
Which except heaven infuse none can inherit.

Thine yea thine

T: H.

Definitions

2000

Бу
Са
До
Бу
Ти
Мо
На
Пи



Occasions Off-spring.

O R,

P O E M S,

Upon severall Occasions.

To Her that loves me.



Way with fond Hyperbolies,
Subliming dust to Deities.
I purpose but to say y'are faire,
As Envie must confess you are:
If you were not; you should not h're
My praise, should knees couch your
(desire.

But you are so, which to deny
Can be no less then Heresie.
Doubtless the Queen of beauty was,
But like your selfe some peerless Lass:
Till by her Cyprian Zelots she
Mounted the stile of deitie.
Had you liv'd then, I really do
Presume y'had been a Goddess too.

B

For

Fot in your features men may see
 The God of Loves artillary
 Your curling Tresse, is all the bow
 The wanton wars with, here below.
 His fire-locks too, the world espy,
 Presented in your sparkling eye:
 Your fame's his Trumpet, and men seek
 His Banner in your bashfull cheek.
 Your pearly rows at every smile,
 Like Cadmus Troops stand ranck and file.
 It then so fair a front appear,
 Doubt not, there's somewhat in the rear:
 But tis not fit we further look,
 Since Nature's pleas'd to shut the book:
 Howere I hope I sha'nt displease her,
 To guess what I see not hid treasure.

Nil non laudabile vidi.

To my Coy Charola.

I.

YOu cannot love; for shame
 Come blush your self into a penitent flame:
 Does the choice flowre resist
 Because the fairest? no, enjoy't that lif:
 Or the eye-taking fruit,
 Plead not yet ripe? away, there needs no
 Why women are as truly ours, (suit,
 To be enjoy'd as fruit, or flowres,
 But tis our fault
 That we exhalt
 Them so, that they rebell against our powres
Come

2.

COME, come, yet I affect yee, (yee
If you can't love again; Let me direct
'Tmay be 'cause you are fair,
And levigable as the downy aire;
You stand upon't, you will not yeeld,
But Phoenix-like your self will build.
Do so, and then
Repent agen; (fair field.
When Autumne hath posses'd your own

3.

BUT oh behold I woo
VVho should command, I beg and
My Charola admires, (glad on't too.
Since she is Ice, I so complain of fires.
Had she a flaming Dart, (cold heart.
She would improv't to warm her own
Ah me, does not Dame nature flint
Her flame-begetting Sparks to flint?
Pray do but feel
The stone-cold steel;
And if you can say there's no fire within't,

4.

BUT ah my vaine complaint!
My Oblequies attend a scornfull Saint.
Water by dropping oft
Is wont to make the hardest marble soft:
But my moist eyes procure,
No gentlenes, but rather make obdure.
But I have done my do, for I
Find all things meete in milery.

And to survive
In vain I strive;
Since I have seen an Angel, I must dye.

5.

How dye? why so, did not
The Queen of Beauty on *Adonis* dote?
And *Paris* confident eyes,
Survey the features of three Deities?
Ah but far more divine,
Is my fair Saint then *Paris* triviall Trine:
Whom while I court, my hopes but reare
A fancy'd Castle in the Aire.
Not unlike those
That do suppose
Their wish effected in a falling Star.

*Credo equidem nec vana fides genus esse
dearum.*

*Love-sick Lucilla to her unkinde
Shepheard.*

And must I dye? and must I dye for love?
For love, that makes me like the Gods above?
If I must dye, what need these flames? belike
You'l execute me as an Heretique
But *Momus* teach me a new A. B. C.
If firm, and faithfull love be heresies?
If death must be the doom of love; pray what
Shall be the sentence of novercall hate?
If zealous love merit a mortall curse,
Sure hate, a cold devotion merits worse.

Yet

Yet how unjust is this? stories relate
 Many that dy'd for love, but none for hate.
 Is there no Heir that may my greifs remove,
 No Antidote 'gainst this hot poyson Love?
 Pitty yee Gods, pitty my youth, and beauty,
 See how each Organ buckles to his duty.
 Cannot my prayers; cannot my tears prevail
 What, shall n y sighs, my sobs, my groans all fail?
 Where is the Sisters thrifit that goes about
 To cut my Thread ere it be half drawn out?
 Let me but see the twylight of my age,
 And then perfue the utmost of your rage:
 Why was *Lucina* present at my birth,
 Whilſt the propitious Gods promiſ'd me mirth?
 Why came gl. *Hymen* with his Tapour light
 To mock me with the hopes of nuptiall night?
 And why was *Venus* then ascendent; why
 Did all the Graces grace me ſince I dye?
 But while I thus in vain urge my complaint,
 I loose my breath, Ah-me I faint, I faint.

Deficiam parvi temporis adde moram.

To Abstemia.

I.

I Never was in love,
 Nor will be for my part,
 I never felt the Archer move;
 Alas he has no dart
 Or else no eyes to hit my heart.

2.

And yet doth love I vow,
In this my bosome reign;
Put I protest 'tis not with you;
Pardon me, Sir, I tell you plain,
Tis with *Diana's* Maiden train.

3.

And though I lend an eare
When you present your Ditty,
Presume not I affect your geare,
Or you, that would seem witty;
Good faith tis not in love, but pitty.

4.

Hence then poor flatterers,
I am, and will be free:
Like those Celestiall Choristers,
Ile hugg my liberty;
Tis that, and only that please me.

Phyllis *Funerall.*

Come now my Lambs your selves address
Unto your dying Shepheardess.
Your appetites awhile adjourn,
And pay your duty to my Urne.
In life my flock I follow'd thee,
In death I prethee follow me.
Come therefore twenty Lambs in black,
In white twice twenty at their back.

Twelve fable Ewes like Widows poore
 Shall as my mourners go before
 Six Weathers shall my bearours be
 Arraid in *Negro's Liverie*,
 As dark as night, and six againe,
 As white as wooll support my train:
 With silver tipps let every horne.
 Our sad and solemne state adorne,
 Crescent as Phæbes, let each front,
 VVear a fresh Cypres wreath upon't
 Let no rude russet here be seen,
 Nor bloody redd; But flourishing green,
 Lamb black, and purest white, These thicke,
 Summe up my perfect Elegie,
 The black (my Lambs) doth signific
 My losse of life: your losse of mee.
 The white does unto you relate
 My innocence: and Virgin state,
 The green does to the world proclaim
 My life in my immortall fame.
 Now let mee shew yee my intent
 In my last Will and Testament.

First I this better part of mine
 To the Elizian shades resigne
 And whence I had it, I bequeath
 To the next aire my borrow'd breath
 Fire shall again have what it lent,
 And water to her Element,
 Shall have recourse. All shall returne,
 My ashes also to my Urne:
 In the next place I here dispence
 Unto my Lambs my innocence.
 Moreover I assigne to them
 The grass green Meadow last nights d'ream
 Presented mee, My Ramms are they
 Shall have my *Cornucopia*.

Item, I leave my Virgiu Zone
 Unto the Bud as yet unblown,
 My Purple Veynes reign to you
 Sweet Violets their azure hue.
 My blushes to the Rose I give
 My white shall in the Lilly lye:
 My golden Tresses shall reprise
 The ruines of lost Maiden hair.
 My Globes of light after this life
 Shall wait on Phæbus and his wife,
 My lofty my Majestick front
 I leave to Jdas sublime Mont.
 The Cherry, or the Ruby rather
 The tincture from my lips shall gather,
 This breast opposing th'other, puts
 Me so in mind of Cupids Buts.
 I cannot but to him demise
 The place so fit for exercise.
 Lastly (such as they wont receive)
 Mine armes I to embraces leave:
 And now yee know what my last will is,
 Farewell my Flock, say farewell Phillis.

Pleno singulis ore.

A young Gentleman to his Lady, who
 lookt upon him as too immature.

M A D A M,

I Love you, should I not do so,
 I weare an Anchorite and my Breast like Snow:
 Yes

Yes I do love, and humbly here commence
 Affection ushered in with Reverence.
 Deigne but your-lilly hand, No bold desire
 Shall wing up my ambition any higher.
 Nay if that be too much, let me defray
 My rudeness chafiz'd in your scornful eye.
 I must confess these early years of mine
 May look on, but not love Women nor Wine:
 Not love sayd I? who can but love a face
 So winning unless of *Deucalions* race?
 Yet while I love and in my breast enshrine yee
 It don't to pitty, but contempt incline yee.
 Nature will lend my lip a cloak, And than
 I may profess, I want not zeal, though man:
 My statures small, And *Cupid* cannot find
 Me yet; Shrubs loose th' advantage of the wind:
 Yet should I love thus young, I might produce
 Such presidents would warrant my excuse;
 And yours too, *Sappho* sum'd up all her joy
 In the embrace of a Cicilian boy
 The Queen of *Greece* lov'd *Theseus* but a Lad,
 And *Cytharea* her *Adonis* had.
 Nay, Love himself that God, is but a Child,
 Shall I then be for want of years exil'd?
 Yea I have heard fair Damsels say, In truth
 Of all that love, give me the smooth-chin'd Youth.
 True I am young, and thence I dare approve
 My non-acquaintance with the flights of love.
 You are that wounded me the first, and all:
 Blame me not then that come at the first call.

To Amabunda.

But dost belieue in faith that I
 Lov'd thee? faith thou believ'st a lye:

Extinguish therefore thy desire
 Ere it becomes unruly fire,
 For thy flames work but the same way
 With mee as the hot Sun on clay.
 No thou must take thy heeles, and flee,
 If thou wouldest have mee follow thee,

— *Fugis insequor.*

To Suavia.

Not love you, whom the world confess
 The miracle of prettiness?
 That were an humour to disguise
 My reason, and betray my Eyes:
 Noe, noe, without dissimulation
 Your beauty is too strong temptation
 Had I not found you the rare shee,
 Y'had liv'd unlov'd, unmov'd by mee;
 I cannot court a common face,
 Enricht with only one poor grace,
 A forehead handsome, smooth, and high
 A lovely Lip, or Chin, or Eye:
 But pardon *Suavia* if I Love
 You, Is whom all thesee graces move
 Deigne then one gentle smile on mee,
 Who will your constant *Umbra* be,
 So long as either I have eyes,
 Or you have wherewith to surprize.
 Choose Midam then which you think best,
 Either hard favour: or soft breast.

Aut faciem mutes, aut ne sis dura nec se est.

An

*An Answer to the Song call'd faire
Archybella to whose eyes. &c.*

My dearest,

A *Archybella's Eyes.*
I though nere so faire shall not despise
But owne thy ioyall sacrifice.

2.

Suppose her cruell, And a while
Hir frownes like midnight, day exile
Tis noon again, if you but smile.

3.

Wee like our lodging and protest
So you provide a faithfull breast
To vow our self your constant guest.

4.

Nor need you feare since you impart,
Your wounds so fresh, but we have art
And Balsam too, to ease your smart.

5.

Let not a thought that death may give
Molest thee, doubt not thou to live,
If smiles or teares may but reprise.

6.

Dread not my deare so dire a doome
Forbid it heaven the bower should come,
That thou shouldest suffer Martyrdome.

The

The Answer to Well-well tis true, &c.

I.

Well, well tis true, That I have lov'd a fool
and it is you :

But since I plainly see
Whilst I in pitty lend a smile,
You make me conscious all the while
Of your Idolatry.

I'll henceforth squib your Wildfire flames and
The adoration of an Ass. (scorne
So foolishly forlorne.

2.

Come, come be wise and dally not with Ladies
(charmfull eyes,

The Magazine from whence.
Love armes himself, the Stars I say
Are bright and pow'rfull too, but they
Have no such influence.

We set us down in Titans glittering shine,
Reciprocating beame, for beam
Where Stars their heads decline.

3.

Whilst yee like fools to deifie us pump and dreine
For an Hyperboly: (your Schools
Presuming that yet highly please
Our Sex to stile us Goddesies,

Alas we know yee lye
We are but flesh and blood though our bright eyes
Surprising you infatuate sense
Yee deem us Deities,

But

But since that Fate has drawn me to the trouble
 It's not my labour loose (of thy prate
 For It's make use of thine own plot
 To let thee know I love thee not.
 Well, or ill take it, choose,
 And therfore It's go get me a new bar,
 To rid my Chamber of such Apes
 Such Toyes as Sutors are..

5.

GO love your wine, and all your Muses, nine and
 (nine times nine)

So you will not love me
 For me I love my Dog, my Cat
 Nay I would love I care not what
 So it may not be thee
 Love you your laughing and your quaffing Crew
 I love my Country and my King
 But hate such fools as you.

The Virgin Canticle to Gerrard.

I.

AVant yee false Intruders that my Chamber han't
 Good faith I can't
 No nor J will not listen to your love
 No more will J though you would give me all your
 Unbolt my door (store
 You do but rocks and senseless marble
 (move
 For well, yea too too well J can your perjur'd slo-
 There's no faith lefts
 In mens false breasts
 Therefore farewell, farewell.
 Tis

Tis true, I was so foolish once as to Love you,
 But now I rue
 I ever yeilded unto such an ague.

But yet, I'de have you know my friend though I did
 One burning fit (get
 I had another cold enough to plague you.
 For I who was all fire, am new congeald into all ice
 VVhence you may find,
 Though I was kinde.
 I can be merry and wise.

The willow thou thinkst torments me but alas poor
 Ask but my Pillow (fellow
 If it can witness ere a sigh I fetcht.
 Or that on my bed-side as in a dreame I late,
 Moaning my fate,
 Or out of melancholly my self streacht.
 Ile warrant thee my boy thou't find all circum-
 That maidens too (stances prove
 As well as you

Can with discretion love

And now I do intend to run through Lovers row
 As well as you
 And tast the sweetnesse of variety.
 For I suppose there's some sweet sweet in it or yee
 VVould never be
 So much addicted to inconstancie.

Therefore

Therefore Ile set and see the messes usherd in by
 And tast of this (scores
 And that fine dish
 To the hundred and fiftith course.

5.

In vaine thou temptst mee *Paris* what, wouldst thou
 Forsworn againe be faine
 Alas I valew not thy threadbare Oathes.
 Goe finde some other tame foole for I have no
 T' embrace the wind (minde
 No, nor those vowes thou putst of with thy
(cloaths
 If yet thoudſt have me, love thee then I prethee
 For I protest (nere come to mee
 I love thee best
 When thou art furthest from mee

The Choice.

Tis not thy rubie Lips; nor Rosie Checks,
 In which my heart a full contentment seekes
 Tis not the treasure of thy golden tresses,
 That makes me rich, or challenge my Careles
 Nor yet thy light dispesing eyes though they,
 Be the true Phosphors of the breaking day,
 Should I serve beauties obvious to the eye
Pigmaleons statue then would see the vye.
 And I night well (if I should cease to range,) 112
 Advantage my affection at the change.
 But I have suited at a nobler rate,
 Then to court paint; Beauties inanilate,

In

In summe there's nothing out-sides can impart,
 Hath power to make a conquest on my heart,
 But I love you, whose beauty still I find
 But *index* to the beauty of your mind.
 You are the Pearl that highest value win,
 Being faire without, and cordiall within.

To my Coy and Captious Mistress.

I le court my shade no more, but flee
 From it, and make it follow me:
 Nor shall the lofty Cedar bough
 To the base Bramble, tis too low.
 I le kneel no more t' ungrateful Thistles,
 Nor listen to each Bird that whistles:
 I have forgot you, and to day
 I did make Ortes of better Hay.
 I lov'd thee once, but now my scorne
 Shall triumph over thee forlorne:
 I le wrap my front up in disdain,
 Nor shalt thou it uncloud again,
 No, though one careless smile would save
 Thy cast-of carkaſſ from the grave:
 Thy tears, and prayers aud looking wan
 VVere but to wail an *Indian*.
 Nay, wert thou fair as thou art not,
 Thou shouldſt not move my breast one jot:
 Nor would I love thee one half hour,
 Though both the *Indies* were thy Dower:
 Though all the Saints should bleſſ thy face,
 Thou getſt not henceforth one embrace:
 I hate thine eyes, and rather would
 A *Basilisk* should me behold.

To

To Pulcheria.

But tell me will not Gold move thee?
 Art thou more hard than *Danae*?
 What will these peerless Pearls, these Gems,
 These Rubies reacht from Diadems,
 Advance me no step to thy love?
 Ile try if triviall royes may move.
 'T may be this Lilly or that Rose
 Will her acceptance more then those.

Yes much at one, alas I should
 But tempt an *Indian* with my Gold:
 Her locks are the true golden Fleece,
Medea shew'd her love in *Greece*;
 And what from Rubies hope I? rush
 Her lips will make the Ruby blush:
 Which if a smile should chance to sever,
 You strait shall see such Pearls as never
 Nature yet boasted, as if she
 Had only this one Treasurie.
 And as for Gems, what sparks can fly
 So bright as those shot from her eye?
 Lillies alas avail not much,
 Her body is all over such:
 And what's a Rose? since her Cheeks bear
 A *June* of Roses all the year.

L O V E. *Blind or not blind.*

I.

What makes you think that Love is blind
 Since he dwells in the eye:
 I rather

I rather the contrary finde
 In all my scrutinie.
 For I in love had never been
 Had not mine eyes the object seen.

2.

And all the world in this agree
 Love is a flaming fire
 If then a fire, nay flame it be
 What need we more desire,
 To prove that Love may have his sight,
 From that which renders all things light.

3.

Tell mee not that *Obfusa* was
 Born blind, yet lov'd on trust,
 Admit the fable; yet alas
 It was not love, but lust.
 For shee must have it understood,
 Though nothing else, hir feeling's good.

4.

But you will say where stood his eyes
 That chose so course a wench.
 As Bab since men meet such a prize
 On every common bench:
 This will be his retort againe,
 What's one mans meat's an others bane.

5.

Here's one a horse face courts whose weight
 Hee knows will come in Gold.

And

And so he have the mony straight,
 Let her be crooked, old
 Splay-foor, blind, beetlebrowd, and lame,
 For he ha's that for which he came,

6.

Turne but your eye and you shall see
 Another's finger itch,
 To be embracing such a shee
 Is neither faire nor rich.
 Ask but his reason and tis this
 My minde to me a Kingdom is.

7.

Thus one loves fat an other leane,
 This his meat salt, that fresh
 This a fat Capon, that a Hen
 This man loves fish, that flesh.
 Thus all their humours have, and now
 Heres the good woman kist her Cow.

8.

Who beares the fault now but the boy
 The wanton boy forsooth
 He wirth old women use to toy,
 And teach them tricks of youth,
 Thus from our selves we still remove
 Our dotage to the god of Love.

9.

Whom falsely fools call progeny
 Of *Vulcan* god of fire,

If it were so then he must be
Prodromus to his Sire
 For out of doubt he LOVE did know,
 Ere he came into Cuckolds row.

I O.

Then let not hollow'd Love bear blame
 For humane fantasy:
 Love is a pure celestiall flame
 Heaven and Earths Mercury.
 Diffus'd on Mortals, let us hence
 Accuse the Organ, not the influence.

I I.

Can any yet be so unwise
 To think Love blind that can
 Create an Argus hundred eyes,
 To guard a Curteian,
 VVhom if you see you may espye.
 Enthron'd in every sparkling eye.

I 2.

Pray which of you can shoot so right,
 As he whom yee call blind;
 He sticks his Arrows in the white
 Sure then he eyes must find,
 Should you a Dart at any throw,
 Twere but the blind man hit the Crow.

I 3.

Yea are surpriz'd with each fair face
 VVith every dimpled Chin,
 This

This comly feature, that sweet grace
 Are snares to trap yee in:
 VVhat think yee then, not love, I wils
 But yee, are *capti oculis*.

A longing Lady to her long-staying Lover.

TVVice twenty times hath *Titæn* run his course
 From th' orientall, to the VVestern sourse:
 Since last I saw you can one parting kiss
 Sustain me such an age of night as this:
 How I am rackt in thy unkind delay?
 Come my sweet *Phosphor*, come and bring the day,
 Sorrow and solitude in this small space
 Have figur'd age on my Hermetick face.
 Go happy *Paper* be my Mercury,
 And having kist his hand bring it to me,
 That I may be thy Rivall; tell him I
 Must see him soon, or in despair I dye.
 And if he come not; I shall plainly see
 He's out of town, or out of love with me.

A forsaken Lady to her Apostate.

BUt are those flashes fled? those flames quite gon
 Into the ashes of oblivion?
 VVhere are those Vows, those Heaven-arrested
 Seal'd on my lips the pledges of our troaths? (oaths,
 What all amort, all banisht in a trice,
 All our embraces a fools Paradice?
 Then farewell faith, and friend, next time I find
 My self affective Ile embrace the wind.

Amock

*A mock song to
O stay by mee—*

G Tay not by me feinds ! but fly mee,
For behold I come
All in surie, to conjure yee,
To avoid the roome, (mee
O come not then near mee : your haggy looks skear
But down to your cursed cell,
for in hell;
All such sooty sluts dwell.

2.

Out yee Devills, worst of evills,
What do you make here?
Such dam'd witches, and base bitches:
I ne're saw as yee're. (me
O come not then near me your haggy looks skarc
But down to your cursed cell
for in hell
All such sooty sluts dwell.

3.

Pluto's pussies are the pussies
That I here behold
Drest in tiffanie like Tysiphone,
Snaky lockt and old. (mee
O come not then neare mee, your haggy looks skat
But down to your cursed cell
For in hell,
All such sooty sluts dwell.

4.

Furies fellowes what is hell loose

And yee broke out thus

In your night-gears like the night mares

To meet *Incubus*.

(mee)

O come not then near mee, your haggy looks skear

But down to yout cursed cell

for in hell

All such footy sluts dwell.

5.

Out upon yee, Ile none on yee

Down yee dan'd beneath

Your ill favours and worse favours

Doe infect my breath,

(mee)

O come not then near mee, your haggy looks skeare

But down to your cursed cell

for in hell,

All such footy sluts dwell.

The Furies Answer.

BE content Sir, we are sent Sir

Not to trouble you,

But to sport with and confort with

Our own cuttauld crew.

(you)

Let nothing then skear you, for weel not come near

But down to our own black cell,

for in hell,

VVe confess wee do dwell.

Jam jam tacuras, tartara nigra putes.

A

*A Gentleman to his Mistress that told
him he lookt asqint upon her.*

A Squint, why not? am I of Eagles race,
To try mine eyes upon *Apollo's* face:
Admit I were, yet while I look on thee,
Thy brighter beams force an obliquity.
Eagles should do the same, durst they but try
Their Birth-right at the radiance of thine eye.
VVhat is this squinting but my feeble sight,
Reverberated by thy powerfull light?
Nay should mine eye right on to thine aspire,
Twould burning-Glass-like set mine heart on fire.
But say I could, since thou thus slightest me,
VVhat reason have I to look right on thee?
Come be not you so cross grain'd to despise
A breast that shews her crosses in her eyes;
VVhich silently each other thus reprove,
T^have let in cruell and ingratefull love:
So passing fair, I swear upon a book
You are, my eyes upon each other look
As in a maze to see Dame Nature place
All her perfection in your only face.

As Clouds the Creatures of the Sun, so I
The nubilous exhalation of your eye
Approach your presence begging I may be
The *Umbra* unto your serenity.
And could I but my self in the office put,
As *Caltha* with your beams Id'e ope, and shut.
The Flies are buzzing where light Candles are,
And smoak you knew alwaies pursues the fair.
Dai^{es} d' esterchange Embraces with the night,
And darkness kis^{es} the lovely lips of light.

VVhy

Why then, thou fairest, art thou so unkind,
 To scoufe the mole thy beauty made thus blind?
 But am I blinde dost say; Eventhence does flow,
 This solace, that the God of love is so.
 And squint-eyd, then I may glorie int.
 The sun it selfe, lights centre looks asquint.

To Franke.

What all at once? what nowne selfe Franke?
 Thy boyntry over beares its banck.
 Thad bane a favour yet beyond,
 My wishes, hadst thou given thy bond,
 And seal'd it with a faithfull kisse,
 O here had bene enough of blisse.
 Or hadst thou given thy hand in part
 As pledg of thy engaged heart;
 I had bene more then well content
 T'have fed my hopes, on the event.

But I am now as others are,
 Suspitious of thy proffter'd ware.
 Thou art too sweet, to tell thee right
 Thou overcom'st my appetite.
 Honey's not for all pallats meet,
 And sugar oft makes things too sweet.
 Trust mee fond Franck, thou art too free
 (Free of thy flesh I mean) for mee.
 Thou comst too fast, I must step back.
 And to be short, I feare mee no man,
 Dares venter to make thee a woman.
 In markes maides are common, I
 Can have a score for a bulls eye.

You praise your selfe, and I could wish
 But to see her cryes stinking fish;
 I knew not what to think, thy face
 Hath such an oleo of brasse;
 And yet thou shuldest be right, for none
 That I ere knew, leſſe feare the ſtone,
 On whom be this inscription ſet;
 Here is both right, and Counterfeit.

But thou ſayſt tis no vſuall Course,
 To looke-ith mouth of a guift hoſte,
 Yet no mans' bounry ſhall perſwade
 Mee too accept or keepe a jade,
 Ill favourd &, ill quality'd;
 Who would on ſuch Conditions ride?
 Thou haſt given thy ſelfe to mee, doſt hear
 Thou haſt a ſhrewd box on the eare
 Would thou hadſt rather given mee that
 Was leſt ith maltheap by the Cat.
 Thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, will you accepſt,
 Or elſe they ſelfe to thy ſelfe kept.
 Theres ſomewhat more then up and ride,
 The banes muſt goe before the bride
 And afer too, vnlleſſe ſhee bee
 Better then I can hope of thee
 Thou flyſt away to Church & nether
 Bringſt guest with thee nor yet a fether,
 But for the firſt (ſauing your jeaſt)
 You will your ſelfe be the bold guest.
 And for a father, what need hee,
 Since you will your owne giver be.
 Way this is the new way we take,
 Each others word & bargaine make.
 Sure here is like to be good doeing
 When rampant royles run thusa wo oſg,
 VVhy now or never verifie.

Old mother Shiptons prophesie,
 Yet thou mayest get a husband still,
 Provided thou dost but fullfill.
 The last will of thy grand mother,
 No more but ~~for~~; Remember her:

For my part, mee thou couldst not please,
 Though thou couldst sh—mee ninepences.
 Nor couldst thou move in mee delight,
 Shouldst thou afford mee every night
 A fresh & sportfull maidenhead
 Their signes should not pollute my bed,
 And yet I may chance loath my life
 Come then and thou shal bee my wife.
 However for your offer Frankey
 I were to blame should I not thank yee,
 But let mee perish in thy Curse
 If ever offer lik't mee worse.
 Thou gav'st thy selfe to mee ; and
 Give thee back to thy self Godb'ye

Te mihi donasti, te tibi redbo, valc.

An Epithal.

On. Mr. B. C. his Nuptialls.

I.

Welcom most lovely paire,
 Through threats of drowning
 In parents frowning;
 Now no doubts nor despaire
 Shall cloud the clearer aire
 Of nuptiall crowning
 No counter-plots, no rivalls now suspe&,
 Your wishes are ariv'd at their effect.

4.

No woefull Willow now,
 Cupid composes,
 Chaplets of Roses:
 In which the Bridgroomes brow
 And his faire Brides also,
 Hymen encloses,
 Let Suiters in desires hot embers burne,
 Your joyfull fyres shall into Bone-fires turne.

3.

On thy cheeks beauteous Bride,
 More all the graces
 In pleasant paces
 Blest hee whom fates betide
 Th' Elysium of thy side.

This, this, thy lass is
 Sweet Bride-groom, but had Love had eyes to
 see her:
 No doubt but hee had been thy riviall here.

4.

Sing Jo, sing a-maine
 Thy tempting treasure,
 Out bounds all measure,
 Give thy ripe joyes full reine,
 And Jo, sing againe,
 Victorious Caesar
 Beware of surfets though, thy lustie cheare.
 Ends not to night, the faire lasts all the ycare.

4.

But you think long I doubt,
 And loves complection,
 Prepares erection,
 What thought yee taste of nought,
 All day, but naked thought:
 Night's the next section:
 Then you shall act, what wee but dream, delights,
 Weed with yee too (if there were need) good night.

Com Bacchus com let's trouble
 The merrie dishes
 Brim'd with best wishes.
 Mee thinks I see the soule,
 Of mirth in every bowle
 Presaging blisses.
 Your crop's full ear'd, full ripe, your eye discernes
 Plentie; what can wee wish yoe more but bearnes

*To my lillie white Leda
 in Commendation of a pale face.*

When red enchaſed in the ſkies wee finde.
 V Vee ſtraiſt conclude tis either raine, or windē.
 V Vhen I a Rubrick on thy face eſpie,
 Faſh I expect to ſee thee ſtorme, or cry.
 Let them that dare condenme thy Ivery brow
 Tell mee how they could fancy bloud & ſnow.
 That monſtrous, yea that menſtruous product, who
 Could looke vpon't and not his teares ovr flow?
 Pray tell mee where the white, & damask roſe
 From the ſam ſtall both white, & red diſclose?
 Spaniells and Calves ate red and white tis true
 If you be red and white, pray what are you?
 V Vould you commend her for her comly ſnout
 Thats partieolourd like a radiſh root?
 You'd think I mock you ſhould I ſay you are
 Pure red & white as babies in the faire.

If red be such a grace ; If red so please
 Haue mee commended to red latices.
 Yet the red rose is Cordiall. But the white
 Is ever most commended for the sight.
 From costard-mongers I haue understood
 Thus much ! The red cheecheat apple's seldom good.
 Red waxe is very common, But the white
 Is virgins wax, And a good price must buy 't,
 Pray tell mee now, would you be wo'd & prayd ;
 To limb your self out on a milke white maid
 Marry com up ; so when you are to wite,
 You may condigne your paper cause tis white.
 Here, heres an Elizabeth, will you say what aile
 The shillings cause you see the face is pale ?
 That were a pretie jest, Alas, alas,
 If it were cherry cheecheat it would not passe.
 Even Vitriall admitts a various hue
 Some is pure white, some greene, some perfect
 blew,
 And some is red too, But tis then confess
 The droste & *Caput mortuum* of the rest
 In *Mercurie* as *Chymick* tearmes will ha't,
 The white's sublime, The red precipitate.
 Some Tulips, I remember I have seene,
 Halse red hale white, but thy have common been.
 Or were they rare should they come near my nose.
 The posie were lete wellceme, then the pose.
 White Robes at Nuptialls, shew a virgine state,
 And why not white cheeks beautyes candidate.
 What wouldest thou think if thou shouldest red espie
 Exchequier'd with the white that's in thine eye ?
 Thoudst say'tis bloud-shot, How then ist a grace
 That blemishes the best part of thy face ?

But why doe I thus eagerly allude
 To that which all but blind men will conclude ?

Th: silver Moon, the glittering train of night,
 The Lly, Swan, and *Venus* Doves are white,
 But you lay Reds a modest tincture, tush,
 Her conscience can not bid her count'naunce blush
 VVhen shee hath done the thing shee ought not
 doc:
 Come to hir the n sheel blush as red as you.

— — — — — *Rubicunda flat, Alba serenat.*

The Postscript,

To the precedent Poem.

But stay n y whiteing, though I took thy part,
 I was not to shew thy beaury, but my art.
 My conscience tell mee Red & white best pleases,
 VVhite not set off with Red portends diseases;
 But Poets *pro*, and *con*, salute and slight:
 Tell yee the Dove is black, And the Crow white,
 I could have writ as much, and given a grace
 As example, to the Calfe with the white face.
 Thus have I made thee faire and fowle; so truely
 Staich be it nere so white, comes of but blawly.

P. atque P.

To

To Mr. R. D.

SIR,

YOur safe returne unto mine eares being come
 I could no less then bid you welcome home.
 At present I have nothing worth your view,
 Only my white fac'd Leda, but shee's new
 Aud fresh attir'd, If I have drest hir right:
 Say but the word, And I have hit the Whiſt:

Militat omnis amans, & habet sua Caſtras.
Cupido.

L O V E hath his tents & lovers ſouldiers are
 Prest out to ſerve in an intestine VVarr,
 Cupid become a Leader now I finde,
 The proverb, verified, The blind leads the blinde.

— *Caco carpitur Igne.*

To my honoured friend.

*A Gentleman that in a frolick would needs
barb mee.*

1.

But **B E** Nigher evill i molothe
Let me know whenas will you claue
Thou wilt returne agens still then but
Oh thy departure drew a teare,
Not from the watrie surface of the spheare
No, no it drew it, whist stay there
Least while such newes I send,
I much offend,
My friend,

2.

Indeed
Since twas decreed
Thou sholdist depart with speed
I could not choose, but heavily look
To loose at once my barber, and my Cook:
I will be sworne upon a booke
I oft thee wanted have
My chin to shave,
Poore knave.

And

And clip
My upper lippe

And make the haire to skip

For having mended my bad face

Thou good Lawn Bands about n y neck didst place

And cuft my hands, but now alas

I shall, I am i ih mind

No Barber finde

so kinde.

To William Kemp.

Saturday last faith witt, you sent mee Sack
By Bacchus scarce was worth the sending back
Be now a trusty soule, and, send me White.
Or Renish, which you will but let't be right
Feel out some cell where Phæbus cannot come
I know will will send good if VVill b'at home

A Gentleman surprised with the sight of a
Lady unknowne to him, betroathed
to another.

U Nhappy happiness, peirceing pleassing fate

By too good fortune made infortunate,

My blst, and blasted eyes made mee at once

My self an Emp'our, and a slave pronounced

What

What strange affections on my spirit ceaze?
 Whereof the cure is worse then disease.
 VVhat heavenly fire is this, torments & joyes mee
 VVhich if I blow consumes; if quench destroys mee?
 Take here O take this love-skinne heart of mine
 This victim fallne on your victorious shrine,
 Only let love since to your pile I come
 Honour my sacrifice with martyrdome.
 And tis enough, Since I cant overcome yee.
 He kille the stroakes my fates allot mee from yee
 Yet on my urea shoud your one glaunce contrive
 My ashes with the Phoenix might revive,
 If not a smile, O yet let pity lend mee
 A sigh, that may to the next world commend mee
 Where my then happier eyes may have the grace
 Freely to feast on your Seiaphick face.

To my Cozen Coy.

I:

Tis not for vertues sake that you,
 Are wont to keepe so much adoe,
 For wee know by expericnce,
 And you by your owne conscience.
 That waches will for all their sturres,
 Cling in a corner close as burres.

2.

Those things most take men's palates ever,
 They purchase it with most hard endeavor,

And

And that's the reason that yee maids,
Hold up the rate of maidens-heads.
VVhich if you were not toy and nice,
Alack a day! would bear no price.

36

Pray doe not yee your faces skreen;
To be with double lustre seen.
VVhat is it but to tempt beholders,
Yee show your naked necks, and, shoulders.
VVhy doe you else pack white with black?
But that yee more oth same stuffe lacke?

4.

Cold-rounded fires, themselves contract,
And are most violent in act.
And I conceive fair maids desires,
Are but such snow-environ'd fires.
And when I see snow on their skin
I judge them then all fyre within.

5.

Tell mee who will do so mickle
As shee that hants a conventickle.
Shee is one of Adams race.
That observes no tyme nor place.
Though in the midst of lent it chance,
Shee'll take it, if the flesh advance.

And

6.

And you your self *Abstemia*
 Will sport and play as well as they,
 I know you loyter but to be
 Embrac'd by opportunity
 And in things forbid delight
 To show your selfe *Eves Daughter* right.

7.

Tell mee no more of Apes in hell
 Though th' excuse become yee well;
 Come prettie soule tis to no boot
 You cannot live unlesse yeu doe't;
 For the thing that we talk of pleased
 Nay more then that prevents diseases.

8.

Were't not more wisdome to be dumbe,
 Then word it to be overcome?
 Do'nt wee in common queans espie
 These your weapons,nay pish,nay fy'e,
 That ere halse the fight be done
 VVish that they may be over run.

9.

Come come Gidle if thou dost burne
 See thou bauk'ſt not a good turne,

Those

Those bonny lasses wiser are
 That know when they are offer'd faire
 Yet if shame bid thee forfet it
 Prethee play the maid, say nay and take it,

To my pale Pippin

Pallor in ore sedet — — —

Her checks ate like her blind checks pale
 And wan, Her lipps are lick her tailes,
 Her piteous looks may happily move
 Compassion in mee; never love.
 Shall I bow down; or kneel to that
 That seems to mee inanimate?
 So while I to my suite addict her,
 I pray with Papists to a Picture,
 Doe yee not see how meager death,
 Seems through hir Organs to steal breath
 And Succubus ha's from the dust
 Reat'd her to satiate his lust
 Tell me pale Pippin dont you climbe
 Old walls to banquet on the lime?
 I know you love such sevivals
 Your white-washt checks resemble walls.
 Say mother pitous, doe you not
 For Oatmeal? rob the Porridge pot
 Run yee not into privat holes
 To break your fast with salt and Coales
 I might a thoufand knacks repeat,
 VVhat could I name but you would eat
 In shame whereof your bloud restraines
 Your checks, And lurks within your veines,

Unti.

Vatill it bee subp[ro]na'd thence,
 By your flagitious conscience,
 Nor are you lillie like, but sallow
 And sapie-coutenanc'd like tallow.
 For when your dropping nose you handle,
 You seeme to nae to snusse a candle.
 And they that keepe you reape disgrace,
 Whilst men read famine on your face.
 Natures, besiegd, And all your pores
 Obstructed block up her recourse
 Whilst in dispaire of life you buse,
 For a good husband, or goode turne..
 There must bee vent, Tis to noe boor
 To talke, you must or dye, or doer.
 And should, wee but a while delay you,
 You'd cry harke harke for life wee pray you.
 You can no such improvement feel
 In allume possets or crude steele.
 You know your selfe theres nothing can,
 Be so aperitive as man.
 Who in the sweetest sence is said,
 To cure you of your maiden head.
 Which should you but a while retaine,
 A pessarie woulde come in vaine.
 What neede men care then for such wives,
 As Marry but to save their lives?
 He must as much (that weddeth thee)
 Thy doctor ; As thy husband be,
 Noe, Ile to Bacchus where being come,
 The first attendant strewes a rome,
 The next presents a glanceing lassie,
 Like Venus in a venice glasse.
 With that I knock, & as some sp'rite
 I conjur up pure red and white.
 My circles a round table. And
 In midst thereof does Hymen stand

With a light tapour, when I call,
 To celebrate my nuptiall.
 Here doe I a french madam place
 And there a sweet-lipp'd spanish lassie
 Here all in white a lady dances.
 And there in red an other glances.
 And least mine eyes want fresh delight,
 Here sets Claretta red & whit.
 Nor doe I complement I trow,
 But tell them plaine'tis so and so,
 Thy struggle not nor are they coy
 But I may what I will enjoy.
 No there's no coyle made for a kisſe,
 Though melting melting, melting blisse.
 No shifting from the freindly cup
 But I may freely all take up.
 And in each face if I so please,
 Ile court myne owne effigies.

VVho would not then on this stage set Narcisus,
 VVhere lively lipps so sweetly say come kisse us?

Mrs. E. G.

To her false and faithlesse servant.

B
Ut whence false wretch are these delayes,
 Didſt thou not iweare,
 By all that's deare.
 Should lyons block up thy assayes,
 Thy Pinnace scorn'd ſuch temoraſe,

much

2.

Most faithlesse of thy sex farewell:
 Art not thou hee
 That vow'd to mee
 No fates decree nor *Circean* spell,
 Should keep thee from my Cittade!!!

3.

Yet flatterer thou art fleg'd, and flown
 From the warm nest
 Of my soft breast,
 And like that night thou left's mee gonee
 Ah! who would such a traytor ownce,

4.

They that dare most, I see dare least
 Peter pretends
 More then his friends,
 But being brought unto the rest,
 Hee turnes more cravant then the rest.

5.

A feeble hermit raz'd the fort
 Of secerseie
 Twixt thee and mee,
 O shame, Cowards I see resort
 To Lov's, though not to Mars his Court.

Thinkst

Thin
Fro
Tiny
Wil
ThaWe
Bu
An
Un
AnF
N
A
F
E

6.

Thinkst thou the gods that relish
 From Heaven above
 Tiny vowes of love,
 Will quit thee of thy perjury?
 That were, to make themselves like thee.

7.

Well I conclude then nothing else
 But love is dead
 And faith is fled,
 Unto the breasts of infidells
 And there, it any where it dwells.

8.

False and faint heart adieu, nere sue
 Nor wooc no more,
 As here to fore,
 For here is all the answer you,
 False and faint heart adieu adieu.

—————Piget infido consuluisse viro.

His Answer.

And why so sharp? in truth (my dear) I must,
 Accuse your furie of unkind distrust,
 You should observe the end, and only glance,
 Not dwell on the emergent circumstance.
 Shall I ploung through th' abisse of danger, when
 I may avoyd it; And goe right agen.
 VVhat you mis-construe as some light abuse,
 Reason will read a requisite excuse.
 VVhat should wee but invite the publicke scorne
 To boast our harvesterē wee reap our corne.
 The wealthyſt wights pretend the weakest ſtore,
 And what they hugge, conceale, I doe no more.
 For knowledge will but make us table-talke,
 VVhilst love delights in shadyſt pathes to-walk.
 Forbear a while my love and then expect
 Your patience crown'd with bleſt, with wiſt effect.
 These that doe otherwise, the world but calls,
 Them Posthumous tothere owne nuptialls,
 Noe, noe, my heart's but one, though for a ſpace,
 I ſeeme to putt on Ianus double face,
 In which ſtrange drefſe I yet, would hope I ſhow
 I love thee more then all the world ſhall know.

To the faire Mrs E. R.

M A D A M.

Y'are lovely faire, and but I know,
 You are not proud, I would not tell you so.
 For my part I commend your sweet complexion.
 Nither for hope of favour, nor affection.
 Only since I have little else to doe,
 I prayse the most prayse worthy, And tis you:
 Here's no hard words but in plaine english thus,
 Y'are hand'sme, yonge, rich, vertuous.
 VVhat can be wisht for more? where nature places
 A heaven of beauty in a heaven of graces.
 But if you be as free as you are faire
 All's nothing, and you are not what you are.

*Da dextram misera & tecum me tolle per
 undas.*

Phillis, Chaton.

Pb. A Boat, a Boat Charon, come set me over.
 Ch. VVho calls hells fatal ferriman?
 Pb. A Lover.
 Ch. And thou shal stay the longe fer't I vow,
 Pb. Youle not be so unmercifull I row.
 Ch. Left handed luck light on yee every hour
 I me troubl'd to transport such brands as you
 are.

Pb. Nay

Pb. Ney good sweet Charon, com:

Ch. Yes sweeton still,

VVhen I have nothing else to do, I will.

Pb. VVhat?

Ch. Grease my Boat, and patch my shattered
And set me down and rest mee;

Pb. Jove what ayle? (stat)

This froward patch? come prethee to the
I am a stranger, come put off thy wrath.

Ch. Hence Cupids brands,

Pb. Not so.

Ch. Ile come no nigher:

Pb. VVhy?

Ca. For youl set my pitchy Boat on fire,
I fry already with transporting flames
Such as have almost drank up al my streams

Pb. Canst thou feare that and see these fresh
supplies.

So streaming from the Conduits of mine
Eyes?

Ch. VWell well,

Pb. Nay more if Charon shall think good
These Armes as Oares shall wave the sligi-
an flood,

This wast thy Mast: And this dishevell'd
haire,

Ile into Cables twist;

Ch. VWell you speak faire.

Pb. Come then;

Ch. I am at hand, but ere thy foot Boord mee,
How cam'st thou here timely or not?

Pb. VVhat makes that to my speed? Come wast
me over,
And talke of that anon.

Ch.

Cb. Nay soft, discover
 Or thou art at thy furthest; Trust no tri
 Nor falsities, But sweare by sacred *Seix*,
 VVhich even the gods call not to lyes,
 VVithout the forswit of their deityes,
 And loss of *Nectar* for a hundred years.
 Speak, Pbs VVhat is *Phillis* faultie here appears.
 Cb. Thou canst not pass.
 Pb. The gods forbid O smother
 That breath, This death is worse then th'o-
 ther;
 I past last night, That I implunged in
 For love, and must I dye again for sin ?
 Is it decreed?
 Cb. It is, and signed by fate.
 Pb. Ile supplicate the Gods then.
 Cb. Tis too late.
 Pb. Hard hap, but sawst thou not my *Demophon*
 Cb. I did.
 Pb. VVhere;
 Cb. Hee is to Elysium gone.
 Pb. And I left here O *Charon* prethee either
 VVaft mee to him, or fetch him hither.
 Cb. Neither?
 Pb. Shall he live happy ?
 Cb. Yes.
 Pb. Then let me come
 For hee knowes I am his Elysium.
 Cb. Thou canst not wretch:
 Pb. Noe? whether shall I then
 Betake my selfe?
 Cb. To yond fowle foggy fen.
 Pb. And what when there?
 Cb. Still tide it to and fro,

In deep despaire as those self murtherers doe,
Seest thou these Troops like Autunnes leavy
spoile,

VVhat self bemoaning, what unpittied coyle
They keep? But I sterne Charon have no eares
To heare their plaints; no eyes to see their
teares.

Pb. Have I contemned life, neglected Thrace
And my imperiall scepter for this place?

Ch. Blame thine own Rashnes to anticipate,
The supreme act of Adamantine fate,

Pb. Has thou no pitty left for Queens.

Ch. No, now

The basest beggar is as great as thou.

Pb. O give me yet a draft of Lethe, that
I may forget the tyranny of fate.

Ca. It cannot be allow'd alas thy woes
Begin but now.

Pb. VVhen end they then?

Ch. God knowes.

Pb. Pitty sweet Charon, pitty for his sake,
VVhose innocence must of my greits pertake
For hee and I long since agreed upon
This, Hee should Phillis be, I Demophon
Our fafull lipps were pledges of this twine
Hee giving his heart, I returning mine.
Tis I have sin'd, And must hee beare the
blow.

Tis not my heart, but his that suffers now,
O either yeild then to my just desire,
Or let mee suffer in my selfe entir,
But if't may be, Celestiall pitty move,
To spare us both, and lay the fault on Love.

Ch. Weell love shall blind the Gods & pittie shal
 For once the faire queene be presidentiall.
 Or if the Gods will not commiserate,
 Ille steale thee over stix in spite of fate

Flectere fine quo Acheronta movebo.

Miserum me fuisse felicem!

To Mr. H. C.

Had *Palynurus*, never stear'd so farre,
 As India, where the earthes choyce treasures
 are.

His wooden Castle, might have split in sunder,
 And nere arrived at a nine dayes wonder:
 Had *Bellisarrus*, and I, never seene,
 The faithlesse face of change's changefull queene,
 And to so loftie hopes had no admission,
 How blest had wee bene in our low condition?
 Had *athenais* not *Eudoxia* bene,
 T'had bene no wound to be throwne downe agen;
 Had I nere sene you (fairest) then my breast,
 Had still bene calmie in its haven of rest.
 What th'eye nere sees, the heart nere grieves? had I
 Nere drank at all, then had I nere bene dry.
 I saw you but, and the wing' archers bow,
 Drawn by the attractives of your eyes peirc'd
 through.

My heart, so did hee from those eyes procure,
 His bolt, his bowstringe, and his cynosure.

Unlucky luck, with joy and woe it fills mee,
 Tarantula like, it makes mee laugh, and kills mee,
 Tis thou hast wounded mee, and I must meet
 My cure in thee, O my sweet, bitter-sweet.

Sic mihi res eadem vulnus operique tulit.

*A. B. To an Irish Gentlewoman
 that slighted him.*

What time my bloud shall boyle so in my Ulcines
 As I shall need a cooler for my reynes,
 Ile call on Jo. fairer far then you are
 Shall ease me of my Cod-peice Calenture;
 But if a Priapisme put me hard upon't
 Ile keep a Cow: And not an Irish Ront.

*To my noble Cosen Mr. R. C.
 coming in mourning to be
 merry with his friends.*

And why in black? what means this nights array
 Since I am frolick as the day?
 Why comest thou thus in mourning to thy friend,
 As if to minds him of his end?

In such sad weeds the unwellcome Raven com:
To croak out our determinated doomes:
Shake of these mystic foggs, that wee may know,
How much wee to thy visit owe.

Come not as thou hid'st treason in thy shrowd,
But lend the sweltring Sun thy cloud.

So shall hee set him downe and slumber, while
Thou cher'ſt us with thy smile;

How ill contrived is that companie

VVhere one does laugh, another cry? (black
This man is cloathed in whit, that blew, thou
Even just like Jeffery, James and Jack.

VVhat will the world conclude when they see thee
In this fleabitten liverie?

Wee laugh, you lowre, wee singe, your serious state.
Seemes to affect the marbles fate,

This discord is unmusicall come, come,
Vncale unmask, and let each roome.

Thou glidest through, so radiant appeare,
As if the orbe of light moved there:

Breake out bright Soule, & give our wonder birth
At the Meridian of thy mirth.

Trust meet'were good and rare, but I see plaine,
Thou bring'ſt old fashions up againe;

Thy presence was a banquet and thou didſt,
Present a deaſths head in the midſt.

So all thy courtesie ru'ns upon cruches,
Like him, makes a good feaſt, and gruches:

But, prethee, ſhall I this a visit call?
Suer thou cam'ſt to my funerall;

Or i'ſt because thy clothes gainſt ſurfets be,
Mementoſ of mortalitye?

Dost come to laugh, And ſet good chear to wrack,
And yet bring Lens upon thy back?

Nere fear good Cos- Heres nothing needs,
Such overmonitory weeds;

Wee have not to presnt you, what is rare
 Only y'are wellcome to our country; fare;
 Good powderd beefe, good mutton and good
 sherrie,

And so, and so, I pray be merry,
 With which accept our hearts; wee could extend
 no more, should a'll the Gods descend.

And if this paper find acceptance too,

That's more sir then I promis'd you.

But I had rather be abrupt then tedious,

And therefore thus, and only thus,

You come in mourning, but when you returne,

You may leave of, but we must mourne.

A gratus ades
To my highly honoured cozen Mr B. C.
Comming to Norwich.

And art thou come boone B. C. then Norwich say,
 I shankes (noble Phosphor) for this wight for day
 Then wellcome, wellcome, be they ever dumb:
 That say not now wellcome B. C. wellcome:
 Had I bene mute from birth, I now had broke,
 All tongue tyes, and with dumb borne Atis spoke;
 As Jove eaine downe the trife to discusse,
 I'wixt frogs and mice; so comst thou downe to us;
 Both from above: though, here some difference lies;
 Hee came from heave'ns, thou from earth's paradise.
 Yee both defend, being both divinely bright,
 To dazle our inferiour Orb with light:
 The country swaines' cause they alas could spell
 No higher title, call thee Collencell;

Some

Some wiser, though then others, reaping co: h:,
 Thinke thou art Ceres, and resound their horne.
 Devoutly beg thy largesse, and out vye,
 The thunder with the ecch'o of their cry.
 But when thou camest in at Stephens gate,
 Thou gav'st our city cause enough of prate;
 O how the people hurry, hurry ran,
 To gaze upon thee as if more then man!
 What beards of Aproners at every looke?
 Read on thy robes Norfolk's illustrious Duke?
 Weavers, like shutles, here, and there perp our,
 And make no workon't for the revell rout.
 Who finding how in vaine they strive for roome,
 Each in a fustian surrey to his loome.
 Returns, And armed with his well try'd beame,
 Levels his passage through th' oposing stream;
 You'd laugh to see, how Taylours skipt abour,
 As mad as dogs to see themselues cut out.
 VVishing theire needles had no eyes so they,
 (Poor theeres) might see their bellyfull to day.
 The that her from the top oth' house, seing all,
 Capers as if hee car'd not for a fall;
 But tis too tedious to recite the rest,
 They that were part oth Crowd can tell you best.
 O how they shrank into each others arme!
 T'was a great mercy, that there was no harme:
 Their bodyes twin'd, and tonges lay never farr,
 As if the rout had bene a twisting mill.
 In dede the Mayor, and all the skarlet Donnes,
 The bells too, and the thunder thumping Gunnis,
 Had bene your entertainment; but of late,
 Tis superstition, and growne out of date;
 Nor had I thought t'hauc writte, but your advance.
 Constraintmee, *Orpheus*, playes, & trees must dance.
 I am created post by my Theame,
 Like Memnon's statue by *Apelles*, besme.

To the worshipfull A. D. his Majesties Physician Crossing the Seas.

Accept his sad farewell, Sir, who here sings,
 As dying Swans do at Meanders springs;
 Farewell, Stop there; O how the surges rise,
 Into a brynie spring-tide from mine eyes?
 As if yet hope were left that these salt flowes
 Might lend you Sea room, or else drown my woes;
 And least you want wherewith to fill your saile,
 My sighes swell up themselves into a gale;
 If still be-calm'd, may you at least yet finde,
 The proverb true in this, my Wordes, are Windes;
 Meane time I shall to ~~Molus~~ repaire,
 That he would breath you winde enough and faire;
 And then, to him commands the wavyc Court,
 To chyde the Dolphins from their ominous sport;
 Next ile entreat the azure-mantled skies,
 To let their smiles, be your faire auguries;
 And may your thankfull patients, beg of heaven
 Health for you, Sir, who health to them have given
 If among us to rearriue you please,
 VVeel say, Phæbus comes from th' *Antipodes*.
 If your return though, be deny'd by fate,
 Live Nestors years in *Avicenna's* state.
 And *Esculapius*-like confirme the Earth
 With faith, that you are of immortall birth;
 This boon I beg, Sir, and this only one,
 Now, and then, think on your poor *Severes*.

To the City of
CRACOVIA.

Not out of Love, but fear of following evills,
 The Moores of India sacrifice to devills;
 So we to Norwich did invite Sir Thomas,
 Only for this, to get him further from us.

To Mr. R. C. upon
 The Mourning Ring he sent mee.

WHat, shall I laugh, or weep? this present,
 doth
 Present mee a necessity of both:
 How can I choose but smile, when I behold
 My lucky starrs laden with orient Gold?
 But when I see it through black Curtains peeping,
 Ah mee! I think, &c. fall a weeping,
 My passions fight and flow, and it appears,
 Excess of joy, as well as grief, finds teares;
 VVhilst I thus rapt *Narcissus*-like espie
 Sun shine, and showers, play *Ajill* in mine ey's;
 See how the Geld boopeeps in sable shrouds,
 Like *Phebus* postling through the raine-swolne
 clouds;

And well the simile holds, the black present
His setting, and the Gold his orience.
Here night and day *Luna* and *Sol* appere,
As if true *Aequinox* were only here.
Nor should I much mistake the *Aquipage*,
To ealt the golden, in the iron age:
I may go boast, I on my finger weare
The pythiest Hyeroglyphick of the yeare:
For I can summer in thy posie read,
And winter to the life in thy deaths head:
Pretty, and precious guift, it shewes to mee
Both purities, and perpetuity;
For whilst the Gold thy pure love does command,
The Ring instructs my thanks to know no end.

To——npon
his giving mee a Library.

Howsay you now? think you, I do not please
My friend well, to obtaine such guists as these?
VVhat a whole Library at once? who looks
Upon it, must conclude mee in his books.

To a Gentlewoman, that refused.

A very rich Spitor, because
he was not very hande
some.

Faire Cosen, let me in this case advise,
To quitt your fancy: and give reason eyes:

They

They that choose apples by their looks, are oft
 Foild in their hopes, and for their folly scost.
 Tis not the outside makes the man, Alas
 A man's a man, had hee no Nose on's face.
 Your *Lapidaries* not unoften note,
 The rarest Jewell in a ragged Coat:
 This Gentleman whose double duty serves you,
 For ought I know, is one that well deserves you.
 Forsake your eyes here, and trust to your eare,
 Hees sober, steady, staid, and fit to steare
 In this tempestuous age: hard hap betides
 Such vesseells as have green heads for their guides:
 But you shall ride amidst proud waves secure,
 Hee being Pilot, And you Cynosure.
 I could both name the parties, and the places,
 Had bargaines tolle enough of the faire faces,
 Nor yet is liking allwayes beauties child,
 Some have more wit then so to be beguilde:
 Beauties a blossom, and so quickly fied,
 Tis scarce posselt, ere it be vanisched:
 Strike while the Irons hot Col. least you find
 The Proverb true, occasions bald behind.
 To me the man seems passing lovely, Tush,
 His beauty's inward, Good wine needs no bush
 Hee's rich enough to make the world his debitor
 Love, and lay hold then, seldome comes a beuer.
 I had not writ thus much, but that I know
 Your parents own it, and advise you so.
 VVhose directory pleasure but fullfill,
 And you do well, though you do nere so ill:
 Read, and revise these lines, sweet Col. least you
 VVhilst you your self make fast, your selfe undoe.

To a faire Lady.

M A D A M J.

Hard is the task to write to such as you,
For if I give you but what's halfe your due,
Such as are unacquainted with your worth;
Are apt to say, I highly set you forth;
Whilst these that know you, must conclude, with
mee,

Your praise above the straine of flattery.
They that ne're saw the glory of the Sun,
Would think the Moon, lights only paragon;
So such, to whom scarce a good face is knowne,
Measure your beaumfull beauty by their owne;
Whilst, saw they but your face, As in amaze
Theyd worship, what they wonder I so praise:
Could you (faire soule) but parcell out your
graces,

There were enough i' enrich a thousand faces
And leave your selfe such store, as (though your
light,

Have made them starres) you'd still be Queen of
night,

But hold my Muse, my paper is halfe done
And I have scarce her story yet begun.

But that would ask(es) tell you what I think)
A world of paper, and a Sea of Inke.

Of Inke said I ? Inke alas ! would make that,
A spotted fame, that is immaculate,
No, I will rather never write at all,
Then mention her, who is all-sweet, in gall :

Hes.

Hie that the Bow-bell of her praise would ring,
 Must pluck a pineon from a Seraphins wing.
 And write in Nectar till her fame appeares
 An anthem to the musick of the spheares
 But to leave what only my wish effects,
 My fancy to whats feasible directs;
 Ile rob the Swan of her white quill and then
 With the same pen-knife that I make my pen,
 Ile lance my purple veynes, and therewith write
 Her story, like her self in red, and white.
 And when my bloud ha's all forsook my veines,
 Let mee but be her Martyr for my paines.

To my Mistresse.

SO love me ever all yee powers divine;
 As I love her, whom hope perswades is mine:
 Rich then and happie were I, thus to winne
 A beauty, Heaven without, and Heaven withins.
 Had I the world (as Alexanders heire)
 Left mee, a patrimony high, and faire
 Enough yee'd think, yet I for all this store,
 Except shee whom I love, love mee; am poore.

The

The middle Sister.

F A I R E S T,

Dame nature seems to make your Sisters stand
 As handmaids, that attend on either hand;
 To right, or left, I turne nor, Poets say
 The middle is the best, and safest way.
 I view the Temples, and I find them three,
 But still the middle Temple goes for mee:
 Your Sisters are like banks on either side,
 Whilſt you, the Chryſtall ſtreame, betwixt them
 glyde;
 Tis light at morne, and when the day declines,
 But yet, the brightest Sun at midday shines:
 Methinks your Sisters stand on either ſide,
 Like Bride-maids; you in middle like a Bryde;
 Doubtlesſe in you the middle grace I ſee
 O i this ſide Faith, on that ſide Charity;
 My fancy ſeems to dictate to my ſence
 A Cawſway, twixt two Ditches or its fence.
 The ſlowe and ſilent floods, in middle flow,
 But the ſhores murmur; cause thwater ſlow.
 And now I tell you, but what the world knows
 Full well, betwixt two Nettles ſits a Rose.

The joviall Journey.

Up Phæbus up, and guild the horizon,
 For love, and beauty, are a progress gone.
 Stand not to gaze, least thy too curious eye,
 A fairer Daphne, in this Coach espie;
 And thou great Prince of winds vouchsafe to us,
 The gentle gusts of sweet breath'd Zephyrus:
 Come yee auspicious Choristers of the aire,
 Let these faire Ladies see yee promise faire.
 Cherp up (sweet Syren of the woods) nere feare
 Here is no Tereus, come be merry here,
 And if the dust, it self too proudly reares,
 Some gentle Cloud rebuke it with its teares:
 Let the Earths green Plush, and floacular starres
 out vye.

The brighter Orbs, of the frost warning skie,
 Let every brook present some pretty toy,
 And every hedge be lin'd with travellers joy,
 Grant fates, no insuspicious hate may chance
 To crossè, yee, through unlucky ignorance,
 But as the morning, so the evening may
 Answer the beauty of a glorieus day.
 Then Sun, Wind, Birds, Raint, Earth and flowers
 conspire

A harmony, next the Celestiall Quire,
 And when friends meet, be your embraces such
 As lovers, that each misuts absence grutch,
 Whilst all that see, admire your greeting kisse,
 As if the body met the soule in blisse.

To my Rivall.
*Presenting my Mrs. Gold upon
 Her Journey.*

(pecces?

How now (my heart of gold) what mean these
 Hast broke thy heart and & given it her in pecces?
 Or didst thou throw thy gold into her lap,
 A ransom for thy ignorant escape?
 Wouldst else be in the list of fame enrollid,
 To court thy love like Jove in shours of gold.
 State-policie in faith, they wine the Towers,
 That shoot gold bullets at the Governours.
 Thou hast good reason too, to use this fort,
 Of golden battery, to so strong a fort.
 Beielve mee, this was a well-covet'd bayt,
 You hope, shee will in loves exchang repay't.
 I hope so to , faith it was sauey sport,
 Should you not get her portion mortgag'd fort,
 T'may be you were in feare to loose it, and
 Made an assurance office of her hand.
 Or did the charmefull sparkles of her eye,
 Dant your faint hart int' a delivery?
 Goe charge the country then, for it was done
 Jam your witnesse beetwen sun, & sun:
 You that your gold thus to a virgin yeild,
 Doubtlesse a bush had robd you in the field;
 How if some theif should steale away her heart,
 And of her portion take thy gold in part?
 This were a double miserie, for then you
 Loose both your gold, and your adventure too,
 T'may be you think you have good anchor-holde,
 And in her pockets bottom thrust your gold.

Maidens

Maidens are mutable, be wise, beware,
 The wind, & waves, not more unconstant are.
 But you haue balanc'd her with gold, least shee
 Should suffer shipwrack in her levitic:
 Faith you abuse your selfe, and her much more.
 To give her monie; Give it to a whore;
 For I must answer for her, shee don't carrie,
 The needy garb, of one that's mercenarye:
 I wonder shee would take, But 'tis an old
 Proverb; that none but madfolke refuse gold.
 But all the world (should you be now desir'd)
 Would say, A foole and's money is soone parted

*Upon a Porter Catching a
 Gentlewoman as shee past by him.*

Last night a Porter standing by the pye,
 At Algate, saw a handsome lasse com by,
 To whome hee flew with all his speede to court her,
 I wonder, for shee did not call a porter.
 Still hee did hugg, and in his armes enfold her,
 As if he meant to heave her on his shoulder:
 Hee wound her so, a stander by strait swore,
 Some gentleman had sent him for a whore.
 Shee calld him rogue; and sure shee calld him right
 Yet hee, shee should not goe, Iware by his light
 Porter said I take heede, though shee be aoy,
 Too heavy, sirrah, shee may be too hot.
 Besides shee's of your trade, And free, shee beares
 As many burthens as you for your eares:
 Though with this difference, shee beares her pack,
 Upon her belly; you upon your backe.
 Yee both weare baggs, distinguisht the same way,
 With Fryers shee of black, and you of grey;

You

You have a pad, and shee, for ought I saw,
 Was like enough to have a pad ith straw:
 You have a Cord you do about you cast
 Shee had a cordit robe about her wass:
 Both have your aprons. Say you have a frock,
 So shee haes that will rime to it a smock.
 Shees call'd upon, and calls upon her too
 Sometimes a Porter such a knave as you.
 But I perceive you well whereto shee ply'de
 And had the fit come on you now to ride:
 If not, you are a lasie looby right,
 To struggle with a burthen was so light.

At a Tapsters wedding.

FAITH I will tell you now a prettie trick,
 This Tapster , gat the wench just in the nick,
 Shee was; stay there ! But why should I be loath
 To tell the truth ? shee was, as light as froath:
 Hence I perceive, the Proverbs somet mes crost,
 For shee that's light, does not lye upp'rest.
 Shee had been broacht a hundred times before,
 No matter, he had rapt as many more:
 Shee's modest though , as I'me an honest man
 Shee blushes, just like any Cedar can.
 And cause sheel be a swirking rogue, shee swcare
 sheel snatch the smiles from all the laughing berr,
 But heres enough of her, lets kiss the Cup
 And if her Husband wont: weel step her up.
 As for his part, hee was so crank, his geare
 Out of his Codpeice, flew like bottle berr.

But

But she hoping the worst did clap her thigh
 Close to the —— that nere a drop went by.
 She was a thirsty wench he got from Wopping,
 That thought it sin to loose the least tap-dropping.
 I heard her say my selfe though he should fill her
 Up to the brim, he should not want a Killer:
 She told him of his wenching too, and swore
 Unless he left it, she would quit his score;
 Nor should he ramble up and down the Town
 Nor draw through any Fasset but her own
 Faith if you do, (and cut an Oath she lashes)
 He find you out among your balderdashers)
 And if your tralops must not be forborne,
 He break your pots: And make you drink in horne.
 But I'nd the jeast adding one more t'out passe it.
 See here the Spiggit's marrig'd to the Fasset.

Summer.

Nakes cast their skins, and they are young ag'd
 Summers the substance, winter the cast skins:
 Summer is Youth in sprightly Aequipage,
 Winter's decrepit crasie, useles Age.
 Sol's aureat besmes so guild the worlds vast stage,
 Twere small mistake, to call the golden age;
 Summers all praise, what need it then a Poet (it
 to speak it faire? since who know nought else, know
 I might imbellish Summers sweet complexion,
 Call Winter death; Summer the resurrection.
 And when my tale with all my art is told,
 What will the world conclude my news, but old?

Nor

Nor is it more then children use to say,
 A summers' evening, is a winters day.
 But Ile abruptly off, and what I have,
 Begun absurdly, as absurdly leave;
 Least I goe scale the spheares, and blinde with light
 Set in a cloud & simply say, Good night;

In praysē of winter.

HOnour and Age inhabit the same spheare;
 Winter is the antiquity of the yeare:
 Grave signiour Hyems, so his hoary pate,
 And snowy beard, denounce his aged state.
 See but how like a statlye traveller,
 Northward hee comes; Autumne's his harbinger,
 That bids the trees unmasek, unueyle their creastes;
 That he may read submission on their breasts:
 Whilst their green offspring lowly fall, to greet
 The potent presence of his statelye feet.
 The gawdy bankes pack up alas! here comes
 No midwife *April*, to unteeme their wombs.
 Nay here the shou'r'd downe waters, stand amaz'd,
 Rivers are Chrystallin'd, Neptunes hall is glaz'd,
 Spouts have their pendants, poultry thatch receivs
 Translucent Chrystall, And adorne his Eaves.
Ieda's a fable, but I here presume
 To justifie, that *Jove* descends in plume.
 And that the stupid Earth may know he comes,
 The Heavens send downe whole showers of Sugar
 plums.
 Whilst streets are pav'd with Pearl: Let summer
 boast
 Such pomp, such cares, and all my praise is lost.

But here's not all of winter; you shall see
 His providence for mortall wights, whilst hec
 Locks up the graine in boome of the Earth,
 Till *Ceres* blesse it with a thriving birth.
 How would the blade endure th' *Aeolian* rugge,
 But winter guards it with his snow-white rugge?
 We may conclude his power, in that he can
 Enjoyne the *Alps* a pennance as a man.
 The saucie Dust checkt into mud, and mire,
 Merits no mention, our reports are higher:
 Summer breeds surters, and infects the bloud,
 Winter is haile againe, and makes all good:
 Is beauty of esteem? then winter can
 Boast, hec abstergeth Summers freckled tan:
 Ladies so spruce to captivate mens sight,
 Borrow March winds to make that spruosenesse
 white.

Winter makes men couragious, who dare
 Dance upon *Tbelis* lap at midsummer,
 In Summers dayes even length, and laziness meet
 Winters are short, The Proverbs, short and sweet,
 Theres none so bad to be call'd dog dayes here,
 No no we move not in so base a spheare:
 No scorching Sun offendes, any man may
 With a good faggot make a Summers day:
 What entertainment to a winters toast?
 VVhat Christmase, pray, can *June* or *July* boast?
 Summer alas hath no *Aeolian* breath,
 To rescue his perishing souls from death,
 Flame-colour'd hearth, even ready to expire,
 Looks pale as ashes, Sol puts out the fire,
 Trees strait are lopt then and their verdant locks
 Borrow'd, to border ovt the Chymnie stocks;
 Set out with trunks of trees, stumps, stimes and all,
 As if the Chymnie were some Hospitall:
 In winter time the hearth stands alter wise,
 And men with hands erected sacrifice.

VVhilst

Whilst in a round the Priests of Bacchus sing
 Ingenious Anthems, to their grape-crownd King:
 In winter men at cold meat make a pish,
 In Summer they are glad of such a diff'ry,
 Winter hath boyld, and bak't, and roast, Alas!
 Summer turnes men, as men do beasts, to grasse,
 Winter makes warres of tease, who would not then?
 If peace and plenty have no praise, then what?
 I might enlarge my self, but thus farre may,
 Suffise to travell on a winters day.
 Who likes not this, a gods name let him run,
 Out of Gods blessings, into the warm sun.

Upon Yorkshire Ale.

POX take your Yorkshire Ale,
 It did so firk my taile
 That that I had like beshit mee;
 Besides, so damnd a rumour
 Posset its divellish humour,
 As it had almost split mee.

2.

Now hang thee tike of York,
 Thou giv'st us neither Cork,
 Nor yet convenient wedges;
 And know'st thy wylie wort,
 Is wont to make us squort
 Over a thousand hedges.

That

3.

That men should sit and fuddle
 In such a sink of puddle
 And to, and fro so put her;
 Just such Ambrosia sucks
 A Company of Ducks
 Out of a filthy gutter.

4.

For my pars Ile get bay't
 And in my belly lay't
 Having drunk this dirty floud:
 VVhat ere my palat feeles,
 There cannot but be Eels
 VVhere there is so much Mudde.

5.

No marl' such nappie stuffe
 As falling Band, and Ruffe
 Throughout the Citty, haunts it,
 VVhen I drink any more,
 Then call mee such a whore,
 As ile call her that launts it.

6.

Doubtlesse the men are mad
 VVhere water may be had
 That soop such nasty gore.
 Some call't a remedy
 Against the stone, but I
 Have laid a stone at dore:

To

To humour palats, But for mine alone
 Give mee your dealing and your drink right down.
 Have at thee then (my boy) for a blyth pull,
 VVeel wrap our noses up in thy Lambs wool:
 And when our Cups advance a loftie hemme,
 VVeel hum thee up *John of Hierusalem.*

The Postscript.
 To the precedent Poem.

But what? your angry, twas not my intent
 To slay the Lamb: or hurt the innocent.
 VVhist! whist for shame! least people as they passe
 Say, Look yee there dwells Ba—lam and his Als,
 Come Jack be wise and thy self sober keep
 And thou shalt be mine Host, when they are Sheep
 Tel them the reckning twice twelve pence a peece;
 J'le warrant thee that thou shalt get their fleeces;
 And let them then come, and laugh thee to scorne
 VVhen thou hast turn'd them out, like sheep new
 shorne.

In Commendation of
 Yorkshire Ale.

Woman be nimble, and let's see thy craft,
 My early stomach craves a mornings draft;
 Bring me that Indian pot whence I may sipp
 The Nectar of black Cleopatras lip:

Th:

*To my right well reckon'd host
at the Lamb.*

Mine host, or shepheard which is fitter title
Since you keep sheep, though in the barly pytle;
They say, ther's many a well provided ramme
Comes to turne of his horse with your sweet
Lamb

The fallow Ewes when the Tups are fled,
Set toot, and swaere theyle drink all weathers dead.
This though, is much complain'd of, that you keep
An old brown Curre to worry all your sheep.
Nay more, as some report that have been there,
There is a kinde of magick in your beer:
And *Hocu's pocus* drawes it too, or else
It turns your sheep to foxes first, And then
A game at Noddy, Theres your sheep agen:
Sure *Circe* taught thy Cup this cunning charm
To metamorphose with so little harm.

But stay! you keep a Scriv'ners shop mee think
VVhere pipes for pens, and best bere, servys for
Jnk;

Yhave clerks too, and industrious ladds, for some
Run, making of Indentures all th' way home.
Else bedding with the Lamb, they rub their eyes
And shake their Eares, and with the larke they rise.
Ile come and see thee faith mine host, perhaps
Bring thee as many guests, as thou hast raps.
Then wormwood, Succory, Scurvy-graſs, & Sage
With Lemon, shall advance in *Æquipage*

To

Nor is it more then children use to say,
 A summers' evening, is a winters day.
 But Ile abruptly off, and what I have,
 Begun absurdly, as absurdly leave;
 Least I goe scale the spheares, and blinde with light
 Set in a cloud & simply say, Good night:

In prayse of winter.

HOnour and Age inhabite the same spheare;
 Winter is the antiquity of the yearre:
 Grave signiour Hyems, so his hoary pate,
 And snowy beard, denounce his aged state.
 See but how like a statlye traveller,
 Northward hee comes; Autumne's his harbinger,
 That bids the trees unmask, unueyle their creastes,
 That he may read submission on their breasts:
 Whilst their green offspring lowly fall, to greet
 The potent presence of his statelye feet,
 The gawdy bankes pack up alas! here comes
 No midwife April, to unteeme their wombs.
 Nay here the shou'red downe waters, stand amaz'd,
 Rivers are Chrystallin'd, Neptunes hall is glaz'd,
 Spouts have their pendants, poultry thatch receiveth
 Translucent Chrystall, And adornes his Eaves.
 Leda's a fable, but I here presume
 To justifie, that Jove descends in plume.
 And that the stupid Earth may know he comes,
 The Heavens send downe whole showers of Sugar
 plums.
 Whilst streets are pav'd with Pearl: Let summer
 boast
 Such pomp, such cares, and all my praise is lost.

But here's not all of winter; you shall see
 His providence for mortall wights, whilst hee
 Locks up the graine in boome of the Earth,
 Till Ceres blesse it with a thriving birth.
 How would the blade endure th' Aeolian tugge,
 But winter guards it with his snow-white rugge?
 We may conclude his power, in that he can
 Enjoyne the Alps a pennance as a man.
 The saucie Dust checkt into mud, and mire,
 Merits no mention, our reports are higher:
 Summer breeds surfts, and infects the bloud,
 Winter is haile againe, and makes all good:
 Is beauty of esteem? then winter can
 Boast, hee abstergeth Summers freckled tan:
 Ladies so spruce to captivate mens sight,
 Borrow March winds to make that sprukenesse
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 Looks pale as ashes, Sol puts out the fire,
 Trees strait are lopt then and their verdant locks
 Borrow'd, to border ovt the Chymnie stocke;
 Set out with trunks of trees, stumps, aimes and all,
 As if the Chymnie were some Hospitall:
 In winter time the hearth stands alter wise,
 And men with hands erected sacrifice.

Whilst in a round the Priests of *Bacchus* sing
 Ingenious Anthems, to their grape-crownd King:
 In winter men at cold meat make a pish,
 In Summer they are glad of such a dish;
 Winter hath boyld, and bak't, and roast, Alas!
 Summer turnes men, as men do beasts, to grasse,
 VVinter makes warres of tease, who would not thinke
 If peace and plenty have no praise, then what?
 I might enlarge my self, but thus farre may,
 Suffise to travell on a winters day.
 VVho likes not this, a gods name let him run
 Out of Gods blessings, into the warm sun.

Upon Yorkshire Ale.

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 POx take your *Yorkshire Ale*,
 It did so firk my taile
 That that I had like beshit mee;
 Besides, so damnd a tumour
 Posset its divellish humour,
 As it had almost split mee.

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Now hang thee tike of *York*,
 Thou giv'st us neither *Cork*,
 Nor yet convenient wedges;
 And know'st thy wylie wort,
 Is wont to make us squort
 Over a thousand hedges.

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That men should sit and fuddle
 In such a sink of puddle
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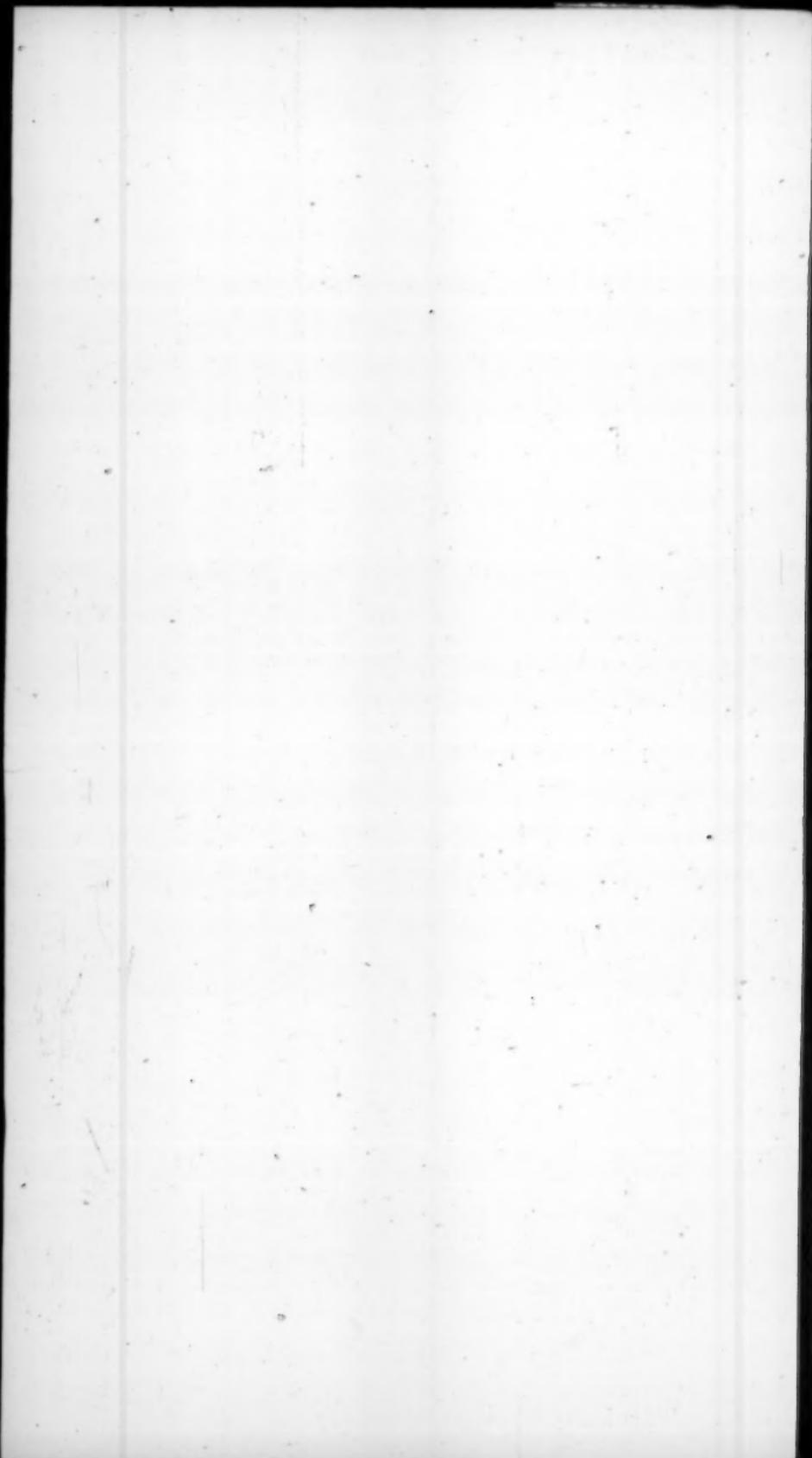
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And shake their Eares, and with the larke they rise.
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With Lemon, shall advance in *Aequi* page

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vn.

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Afs,

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The marrow of Malt: where the nut-brown toast
 Smiles in the flowrie Ale, whose mirthfull豪
 Makes mee turne Marriner, and hither saile
 To court the confines of this famous Ale,
 This noble Ale, this most substantiall liquor,
 That chears the Stade, and makes the Genious
 quicker,

Ideots a ship board sick, accuse the Seas,
 Whilst their own fowle stomacks are the disease
 So fooles pick quarrell with pure cleansing Ale
 Because it doth Sir reverence wring their taile:
 Mee thinks this Ale, and the old wife agree,
 So well, as Hero and her Nurse I see.
 Would but good fellows meet, our daylie club
 Should act the Sisters at the Danaan tubs
 But stay, I feare, while I thus idolize
 The shrine of Ale, I but enhance the price,
 Be therefore this sufficient to be said,
 Alive tis Ale, And *Aqua vita*, dead.

Upon a hungry gutted Porter.

NO marvell Chapman falls so to the scrap,
 The first, and best part of his name is chap:
 Which if a man but spell, he easily can
 Perceive, more letters go to Chap, then man.
 Yet this is all but mirth, although perhaps
 He may conceit I take him on the Chaps.
 Well it I do, my frolick is to swap
 My nimble braine, against his nimble chap.
 Yet this by way of leave ile adde, a more
 In sitting poster never kept a dore.

How

How should he ope it? for hee never heares
If it be true, The belly hath no cares.

E. B. *To his noble friend, that gave
him a new paire of Boots,
and Gloves.*

Ods foot.

Never drew on a compleater Boot;
The blushing top makes me top gallant, and
Me thinks I do on beds of Roscs stand:
Nay even the very leggs do seem to owe
Their orient tincture to the Sonnes of Bow:
Nor can I think but Jove-Lov'd. Jovashide
Was purchast, to compleat this Ocrean pride
Who having been the thunderers Curtesan,
Blushes to crib it with the Calves of man:
The wax was borrowd from the Lillyes bed,
And the three Sisters span, and cut the thred,
The Boot in the exactest mode doth set,
All (in a word) from top to toe is neat.
As for the Shoemaker I can only tell,
For one hee never saw, hee fits me well.
Your Gloves too make me spruse, as Joves a Gant
Protest (sweet Sir)you are right Cordevant,
For you have given mee Boots, and Gloves to
boot
What shall I say? y'have bound mee, hand and
foot.

A. B. to his Shoemaker.

Sirra looke to't I shall reduce your pride;
 Rip up your roguarie and rew your herte.
 My weather long shall apt a time for th'nence
 To strecth the latches of your logger sconce.
 You were too high ith'instep, I'm afraid,
 Your loftinessse will soone be underlaid;
 Crispine coucht in a Shoemakers disguise,
 Cause none so base to cheat inquiring eyes.
 Yet to fit mee should Crispix come to doc't,
 Crispine, by Jove hee came but to my foot.
 And doft thou wretch to reach this head of mine,
 Muster thy bristles as the Porcupine
 Her quills' presumptuous trash, I could afford,
 To send the challenge to the cutting boards;
 New vampe your maners, & more modish bee,
 Leaft Peter strecth you on a croſſe grāind tree:
 Where being once ſet up, tiften to one,
 You'l find it harder to come off, then one:
 Villian avant, henceforth ne're looke to have
 The lengh of my four, ſince y' have plaid the knav:
 Noe noe, I view your bill and there I ſee,
 The very place where my ſhoe pinches mee;
 But make your market pray of what is paſt,
 Fellow beleve't of me y've had y'our laſt:
 And that the world may ſee in every line,
 I fit thy foot, as thou haſt fittid mine.
 Thus I in fine tranſlate thee, goe, extend
 Thy baſe ſpun threaſ, to make a Coblers end.

in fine a good laſt

Upon his giveing a payre of shooes to
get the former paper answered.

Silly, and sencelesse, knockt there heads together,
To forge a foolish answer, knowing neither.

To whome, nor how, only they would b'lurt forth,
Some thing, that men might see their want of worth,
I'le bray you in my morter fooles, and then,
Make yee a pastime for the worst of men.

Incorporate yee vessells, base absurd,
With *Album Gracum*, and the Divells turd,
Compound yee up into a pocky pill,

With C. & G. & D. & Sarcoperill,
And Sassafras, whilst all that see yee, shall
Say yee are rogues Alexipharmacall.

I hope it shall suffice, when I have broughr,
Your bodyes into atomes, worse then neught;

Some fishwives kill your fancies, taught ye prate
The rabulous dialect of Billings gate,

And yet I lik't your taile timber for it,
Came Just in time as I had list to sh—
Sans Ceremonie then end these Jarres,

You and your Poet after kill'e mine A—
but didst thou think up to reveng to climbe?

By a poore mercenary, hacking ryme, (stretch,
Or that thou couldst thy letherne purse-strings
Vnto the latitude my braines would reach?

Away, poore foole ! when my keene satyrs come,
Off with your hat, and scrape your answer, mumme.

Shouldst thou buy lines, to answer mee thou fopp
I'le write, till't cost thee all the shooes ith shooe.

Alice Goffe.

A poore woman taken stealing soape.

Why how now woman? what's the newes & beli
 You serve'd the grocer but a slippery trick,
 'Tw as very cheap, nay marry you must thrive,
 If wee pay ten, & you get under five.
 But stay they say the grocer turn'd his eyes,
 And you stole, both the custome, and excise:
 And well enough you did, but a rope
 The mischeife lies, you should have left the so
 You made wash way with't, being but a reach,
 But have a care, ith end 't may cost a streach.
 You know the broverb, ti's as true as old,
 If the one chance to slip, t'other, will hold.
 Alas you never could have stoll'ne a badder,
 Commoditie, Sope brings you to the ladder.
 You think to have't with a wet finger, but
 A cleanly theife had better be a slut.
 Come, Come, stay the hoggs leisure pray, I hop
 As good as you doth wash with Lincolneshrie sope
 If you steale sope to make your clothes so fine,
 Youle bring your selfe, as well as them, to th'lin
 Yet I confesse, twas pittie goody Goffe,
 Stealing good soape, you came no cleanlyer of.

To my Noble Friend.

His after-noon your rideing Boots and bands,
 Your good grey cloak, and Gloves came to my
 hands;
 The Gloves were trim, the Cloak most purely
 feeleſ,
 The bands, and Boots have tyde me neck & heel.

To the same Gentleman desiring my
 verſes upon any price and on
 his ſending mee a
 new ſhit.

Price? out upon! what price? pray doe you
 think?
 A peice of paper, and a little ink?
 If you like our poetick merchandise,
 Traffick, and your acceptance is the price.
 For mee I think it even in justice meet,
 So long as you finde Boots, that we finde feet:
 Sir in a word, your love returnes with ours,
 Our ſuit accepted was, and ſo is yours.

To a Schoole master.
In excuse of his Scholler G. Green.

This duskie norne the youth was overseen
 Pardon good Sir, in truth the boy is Green.

To my valued friend: A New-years
gift.

Had I but *Mydes Chymick* tuch,
My new years gift should now be such
Europ shuld it admire: But I
Talk of Larks in a falling skie;
In stead therefore of hopelessse pelfe,
Deyne but acceptance, and my selfe
Am your oblation, but alas!
How shall this guift for current palse?
Since what I here present unto you,
Being given you long a goe lowe you;
Since then our gifts prove empty dishes,
Weel furnish them with wholsom wiffess
Our first be this, where ere you come
May you but view, and overcome;
Weed with you younger brothers war,
But that wee see y'abound with it,
May shee that moves your amorous hit
Be wounded, and your prifuer first;
And let her unconcealed fires
Foment your temperate desires,
May favoring heaven, lend her no rest.
On any Pillow but your breast;
And when glad *Hymens* holy twine,
Hath clapt her Lilly hand in thine,
Then let thine armes at once enfold
Faire *Hellenes* face, and *Danaes* Gold:
May all her care, and study be
To love, and be belov'd of thee; And

And to eternize mutual favour,
 Havens make her such as thou wouldest have her
 I envie, any foes shall make yee,
 Be this their curse, A Good yeare take yee.

A L E.

Is this that Ale to which the Dyers flew
 So fast, to wadd their Copper noses blew,
 Bidding old stingo Cut-throat here, adiew?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that jolly juyc, those bowfing bratts
 Soakt in; And on their shoulders set their farrs
 With Rains-heads, spite of Rainbowes in their hats?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that Yorkshire stusse did so confound;
 And send a way the Weavers shuttle crownd,
 That they could neither finde nor feel the ground?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that temple, where the weavers lay
 To meet the merry Merchants, day by day,
 And double Ale their singe stuffs away?

Then give us Ale.

Is this that so much talkt of Northren hum,
 For which both simpletons and sages come
 Is this that Lancastor — tanta? lo — but mum.

Then give us Ale.

Is this that Ale that makes you dyers be
 So oft from home? pray tell me where were yee?
 Should all be hang'd that from their Colours fle

Then give us Ale.

Is this that same that did so much besot
 The roasted Comber, as he quite forgot
 His own, And new calls for the other pot?

Then give us Ale.

Yea give us Ale, for now I finde it true,
 That Merchants, Weavers, Combers, Diars too,
 And all the world, this liquor turnes true blew:

Then give us Ale.

As for your Poet his unscynded wishes
 Are, that the Ocean were such Ale as this is,
 That yee, and all true trouts might drink like
 fishes.

Then give us Ale:

And for ol'd Margerie that Northern minks,
 For my part, such Ale as shee brews, shee drinke.

A Visit.

Last Fryday, to my neighbours house I seyr,
 To see what Hospitality he kept;
 Soon I espide his Chitonic like a Maiden
 In the green sicknesse, with her colour fading,
 Blushlesse, and bleath, only herein they sever:
 This a numme Palsie hath, and that a Feaver:

Neighbour

Neighbour said I, your Chymnies to be let
 Why (Sir)quoth hee, you see no bill out yet;
 Well then, said I, to put you out of doubt,
 I guesse so, cause your fire is going out.

To the World.

Some say Deucalion made the World
 Repopulous, with stones he hurld
 Over his shoulder; On my life
 Tis false, Hee hurld them ore his wife;
 And ever since 'thas been the fashion,
 So to hurle stones in generation.

O. P. to A. C. that oversold him a Horse to
 pay him at the day of his marriage, be
 being contracted and to marry with
 in ten dayes: O. P. not drea-
 ming of any such matter.

Why how now Jockie? what upon the Catch?
 Had I suspected yours, 'thad been no match.
 Look how the Proverbs crost, you i hastily bent
 To marry, yet not you, but I repent.
 How have my starres my credulous hopes still crost?
 You ride a cockhorse: I must pay the Post.
 Hence I the extreme of the conceit espie,
 You were though close, as hot upon't as I;
 But I had smelt you out, and slept your course,
 Had I had as much forecast as my horse.
 What will men say to whom this lordys told?
 But I and not my horse, am bought and sold.

You

You have my monie, and I hope with it
 That I have paid for both your horse, and wit.
 Whilst it must be of all the world confess,
 On your side a good bargaine, mine, good jeaſt.
 But don and paſt, I ſhall revive no ſtrite,
 But take my beaſt, Sir, as you take your wife.
 Whom herein I presume I make my debtor,
 You, double paid, muſt do your work the better:
 In briet tis thus, neither better nor worse
 You up, and ride, and I muſt hold your horse.
 Whilſt I conclude as ſad expeſience reaches,
 Not only you, but your horse over-reaches;
 But 'twas ſo cloſe, ſo ſlighty brought about,
 Neither my horse, nor I could ſtumble't out.
 Yet thus much might be ſpoken on my ſide,
 Selling your horse, who'd think you meant to ride?
 But 'twas my error to conceive you lackt
 A Nag, your wife I hepe found one well backt.
 I might have lookt him in the mouth I ſee,
 Neither your horse, nor you are over free:
 My bargain, Sir, was bad, and you have done mee
 Some injury with mine own horse. You run mee,
 But yet if your civility extends
 To this requitall, we are absolute friends;
 Since you are hee, whom I did ſo confide in,
 You'll only lend mee your old boots to ride in.

Upon the name of the ſame horse
 being called Butler.

Butler! why that ſounds draft horse, but I ſee
 That thou canſt scarce draw thy leggs after
 thee.

But

But yet thy crafty Master laid a ginn
 And thou, and hee, made shift to draw mee in.
 But Troy will tell thee these are things of course,
 Synon could do it with a wooden horse.

*PseudoPoeta in a paper of false verses
 inveying against Tantalia for her
 lyeing tales.*

Shall I condemne *Tantalia*, and not you?
 Her tales were false, your verses are not true.
 Be gentle pray, you seem to have forgot
 The proverb, whil^t the kill upbraids the pot.
 Come, yee are guilty both, of oversight,
 Neither your verses, nor her tales are right.
 Yea I could show you too as many slips
 In your false feet, as in her faltering lips;
 But I excuse yee both, for you perchance
 As well as shee, did it in ignorance.

Venians petimus dabimusque.

*Upon — his Picture
 Prefixt to his A'manack.*

WHat base aspe^t is this? didst thou devise
 This haggy look, to be thought weathers
 wifc?

Gypſie,

Gypsies doe just the same, they get an ill
 And counterfeit complexion, that's their skil.
 But thou, as thine owne patron didst advance
 This front; A lye had need of countenance.
 Whence, by the by, no wiseman undertakes,
 The patronage of any almanacks.
 Yet I durst sweare, ther is, if truth were known
 Nothing in thine, but the fooles face thine owne.
 That preface false and foul nor is that yet
 Thine owne, but like the rest they counterfeit,
 But mum'n, since I have lately understande,
 That you with the fowre hundred prophetic good.
 Yet thus by way of caution, take heede how,
 You tell a lye, And set a face on't too.

To Mr. ————— upon his
filly Epitaph in print.

But didst thou pump this lamentable stuff?
 Pretest the lines are pittifull cruffe;
 Th' are somewhat shallow, but if thou wouldest keepe
 her
 Immortall, let th' engraver sink them deeper.
 Thou, for the funerall, didst thy verses sort,
 A man doe sugar plum's, some long, some short:
 'I was goodluck though, they to thearse were pin'd
 Else being lame tha'd sure been left behin'd:
 But have a care, least with affront you greet.
 The collenell, to send his wife a sheet;
 Sure shee was rich enough, to leave be hinde her
 Other gate stuffe, then thy towle sheet, to wind her.

n.r

Did'st thou intend this sing song to her honour?
 Thoud'st plaid the Sexton, & thrown dirt upon her.
 Thou shouldest have lighted too thy dismall dashes
 At the next torch, and cry'd ashes to ashes:
 Then, as her preist, or poet choose you whether,
 Thou'dst bury'd fame, and body both together.
 Had'st thou soopt sack, it would have brought thy
 chymes,

In better tune and taught thee lostier rymes.
 But ah ! thy, muddy fancy shewes me clear.
 Thou stand'st among the beggers, serv'd with bear.
 Thou'fst better brooke an elegiak feast,
 And made an *affidavit mortuæ est*,
 Yet 'twas well done to avouch it with thy name,
 Least honest men should suffer for thy shame.
 Thou say'st thy belly shak'd when thou didst writ,
 I think so too, the devill a verse was right.
 When my ill fortune's dead, and I would laugh,
 I'll send to thee to jerke an Epitaph.
 Thou wouldst be both a Poet, and Attorney,
 Alas thy braines won't serve thee halfe the journey.
 Would'st be a poet and attorney? Harke
 What I advise, learne first to be a clark.
 But here's enough; hee that writ this, hee knowes,
 The muses never dwell in Silly Howse.

On the Gun-powder treason.

Now, fooles ! how think yee is there not a God?
 Ask but your backes, that smart with your owne
 rod.
 When yee prepar'd this cup, did yee then thinke,
 The druggs should be the draught your selves must
 drink ?

done

Doubtlesse, yee'd not have dig'd so deepe a pitt,
 Had yee but dreamt your selves should hansell it:
 Bow black was this eclypse? what mean't yee by't?
 A flame, and yet no light; twas hell fire right.
 VVas ever vulcan matcht with such a horne?
 But hee that late in heaven laught yee to scorne.
 VVhat at one blow both court and commonons? pish
 *Twas but a falfifie, a *Cal gula's* wish'
 Yea but false fire, by heaven the touch hole was,
 So stopt the flame could not to th' barrell passe.
 Blest bo the churches great protector for't!
 *Twas yee gave fire, but wee gave the report.
 Infernall Angells fight with *Gabriell*,
 And heaven it selfe seemes undermin'd by hell.
 But O how vainely the black brood of night,
 Martiall their mates against the sonnes of light?
 Fear not *Bethu'iz*. *Holoferenes* shall,
 Be dead drunk, and by his owne fawehin fall.
 Goliahs boasts are breathlesse, mercilesse *Mydian**
 Must buckle to the brandisht blade of *Gideon*. (knock
 VVee need not feare, nor care wee though hell
 Our temple's built on an impregnable rack;
 Preserv'd by providence. Babells bratts may kick
 But never move our heaven fixt candle stick,
 Tis *Rome* must ruine *Rome*, tis not your ginnes,
 Are able to ensnare us, but our sinnes:
 Puffe till yee pant againe, alas! fond foe,
 You doe but ashes off our alters blow.
 And whilst your hell-hacht plots, your hate reveal
 You don't extinguish, but inflame our zeal.
 The wind, that shakes the boughes, fastens the root;
 And you confirm us, whilst yee goe about.
 Thus to supplant us; tush! yee doe but hence,
 Endeare us to our God, for new defence.
 But would you be reveng'd? then thus let't be,
 Plot so, as he that made the cyc, may'nt see.

To

To the right honourable the C. of
 D I R S E T,
*Promising a Gentleman her Kinswoman
 in marriage.*

M A D A M ;

The charmeull language from your lips distill'd
 My ravish't eares with heavenly musick fill'd.
 Had I led Love unto your Neeces heart;
 And praid him there transfix his keenest dart
 His being blind would have left him exempt
 From penalty, And charg'd the whole attempt
 On my accompt, whose boldnes durst aspire
 (Prometheus like) unto celestiall fire.
 Twere secriledge, and just such, to bereave
 Diana of a Nymph, without her leave.
 Or steal a staire from off his region
 Whilst Pheebe slept with her Endymion.
 I had been fellow to your honours bleud
 And stalne a cignet from that royll floud.
 Had not your grace first given me my book
 The golden Scepter of your gracious look.
 But now with humble confidence I resort
 To this faire stream, having your warrant for
 Only let me beseech your honour that
 You'd ratifie it with a second date.
 Then being armd with this encouragement
 My next addresse is to the Lady bent:

My

My fortunes balance, on whose only breath'
 Depends the sentence of my life, or death.
 If such a match felicitate my life,
 Ile treat her as my Mistresse though my wife.
 Ile study what may please her, and contend,
 With fate, to make her happie to the end.
 As for you gratiouse madam) deigne mee still,
 The clear beames of your ladyships good will:
 So shall I be asw'd what I commence.
 Shall ripne in such sun light influence:
 Meane while no thought shall from my breast arise
 But what I dare present as sacrifice.
 Thus J returne my selfe to both, whilst shee.
 Pollest my heart; your grace commands my knee.

The weavers Memento mori.

AN honest weaver willing to make suc-
 His soule and body with arts ligatur,
 Betooke him to his trade, and having got
 The knack on't, knit them on a weavers knot.
 But death a craftie merchant found a brack,
 And let him plainly see t'would hould no rakk.
 Here's stuft e quoth hee, alas t'will scarce be worth
 The looking on, when J have laid it forth.
 Where is the fresh gloss, is this the lively red?
 You speake of? tush tis faded, fled, and dead.
 Alack and well a day the weaver said,
 How dearly have J for this colour paid?
 And yet it gives you no content, but J,
 Poore J must let, must leave my wark and die.

Ah! mee impartiall death where thou dost come,
 Thou either cutst of, or concludst the thrum.
 My beame is strong, but strengh will not prevale
 Goliah's speare stout as my beame did faile:
 My nimble shuttle flitting here, and there,
 Presents my life's in flable character:
 Mark but how swift it to its exit tendes,
 So fleetly fly wee all unto our our ends:
 It puts but forth, and at its port arrives,
 So doth our death begin even with our lives.
 My globe like wheel about its pole is hurld,
 Just as the heavens are rapt about the world.
 And turning to my filling boy behind me
 His winding pipes, does of my wind pipe mind mee.
 If hee stand still I must not work, if theaire,
 Fill not my pipes my work will soon impaire.
 A constaunt motion to my trade belongs,
 So nature hath her loome, my breast, my lungs.
 My blouds' her postng shuttle swiftly flies,
 Through the strait conduits of my arteries.
 My purple yeines her warping is, my haire
 My tendons find, my nervyes her tackling are.
 My solid parts, my able bones are some,
 Appointed beames, some holdfasts of her loome.
 And thus in there owne lomes doe all men weave,
 And women too from cradle to theire grave.
 Nor cease wee all above a minites breath,
 Till wee be turned out of work by death.
 Thus from those instruments by which Jeane
 My livelyhood, to dye I likewise learnt.
 I looke but on my eyes, And I can read,
 In them the seperation of my thread.
 In laying of my coulours, still I found,
 The lowest, a memento of the ground.
 The fashions teach mee since they keep no stay,
 The fashion of this world palesaway,

Come

Come then and wellcome death I have enough
Of this vaine world , Its fraile, and druggie stufte.
Can tempt mine eyes no more , come fetch me
home

Ile give my life , for death; my loome for lame

To Constantia

Let others ply the oares t'wixt doubts and feares,
For I am past those rocks, those tydes of tears.
My sullen starre is fallen, warr's past , and I
Laiden with trophies of my victorie.
How doe I blesse my fate that I did meet ?
With one so faire, so faithfull, and so sweet.
My humble knee bowes henceforth to no shrine,
(Though *Venus* were thy rivall) but to thine.
Happy my dearest, happie hee may lye,
Under the tropick of thy gracious eye.
Nothing but death shall my firme faith remove,
Nothing but the cold flore shall coole my levc.
The Gardean knot that could not be unty'd
By art, did *Alexanders* sword divide.
Our love knot's faster, nor shall armes, nor arts
Vnlink the chain of our vntied hearts.
The noon-eyd sun may chance run retrograde,
And as a Daphne follow his own shade.
Heaven may descend to earth, And earth aspire
To Heaven. And water be at peace with fire,
Fishes and fowles may change their elements ,
And take a glory in their new contents.
But when I faile , but when I cease to love,
The center shall from its fixt base remove,

VVhen

When I divid the thread our loves have spun,
 The stremes shall back upon there fountaines run.
 This I conclude a possibillie,
 I may forget my name ; but never thee,
 Ceres tickle ; whether art thou gone.
 See'st not our hopes into full harvest growne?
 Come boonest *Bacchus*, come let's have a health,
 To our best wishes; love hath store of wealth.
 View here our vintage, see our blest increase,
 Of swelling grapes that only want the pressse.
 Hast Hymen hast, for wee must find in you,
 The end of our desires and verses too.

To Eovino.

Yon ~~swart~~ Sir, as if you meant a prize,
 With milt at the bovine exercise.
 Push forwards your good motion Sir, you may,
 Encruse my landlords cornucopia.
 But to speake naked truth they lay that you,
 Doe not run to the bull, but to the cow.
 VVhere you your selfe in manner of a bull,
 Doe give Europa her white belly full.
 And as tis fit you shoule haveing gone halves
 In getting, now you help to keepe the Calves.
 But have a care Sir, Stephen's wide gates are near,
 You'll run your selfe out ere you be aware.

The F L E E T S.

(92)

M^r withes gre^e
T^he Eng^{li}sh fleet
May no stormes roffe
T^he Harp and Croffe
Smile & ente^safe
Upon our State
Attend all health^b
This Common wealth^b.

*The Navie of the Dutch
All good fortunes grutch
Van Crump and his Sea forces
Shall have my daily curses
Upon the Dutch and Dane
Visit their eternall bane:
The Cavalering part
I valuer not a far^t.*

To a drunken Porter reelng into the
Ring to wrastle with a Taylor.

Hey hey pot-valiant Porter, friend, I feare,
That you have somewhat more then you can
beare.

You make mee laugh to see you face and crack,
You puppie, I could beare you on my back.

Out of the Ring unlesse you were more stout:
The Taylor swears heel fling, or cut you out.

You stand so waving and so tottering,
As if there were an Earth-quake in the Ring.

And eye the Taylor, as you would adore him,
Yare so devout you scarede can stand before him.

Do you not heare him say it shall go hard
But at the first couch hee'l turne up your yard.

Nor will he use a quarter of his strength
To measure all your quarters out at length.

See but his active stout, and able limb,

Porter I see youl never carry him.

Go wrastle with yond tree you dizzie crowne,
More need to hold you up, then hu le you downe.

Had you as many leggs as any louse
The eyes of Argus, Hands of Bryareus,

All wwould not do it, for like Polyphe me,
You would be run down in this drunken dreame.

And in the turning of a hand be found
As sure as louse in bosome, onthe ground.

Cord first his hands and feet, Then if you can,
Stand toot, and throw the ninth part of a man:

But your athletick art's not worth the trying
Go go a man may see where you've been plying

Brave

Brave sport, a Porter, and his fox turnd loose
T'encounter with a Taylor and his goose

Thus I perceive tis farall to us all,

After a lustie cup to take a fall.

To a Brewer that promised mee a Staggs
Tongue, and dissapointed me.

Now your ~~Asopick~~ markers Sir, what you'll
Your selfe be Brewer, and make mee the fool,
Faith Sir you should not need your word to break
Ime sure your beere wont make a Cat to speak.
Come come let's hat, without a tongue, I vow
That I will never speak good word of you.

Are you so politick to think by failing
Mee of my tongue, you do prevent my rayling,
Beleeve it not, Sir, I can take my wrong
Like injurd Phylomele without a tongue.
Tongues are untruly members but I see
That you can rule yours, where it should be free.
Thus to be fool'd, and basled all a long,
Twould make one speak that had but half a tongue
But I perceive the reason now my friend
Your tongue is fast by the roots with Chimneys
end.

I must for peace sake, pocket up this wrong
And keep my hands of, because you keep your
tongue.

The tongues a two edgd sword, and by the cup
Of my contempt, I scarce can put it up
May the Staggs hornes be grafted on your head
Till I have the Stags tongue you promised.

My furie flames I feare I shall ere long
 Like Dives need your cooler for my tongue
 For it begins I see to teare, and rend
 Just like a womans tongue that knows no end
 Brewer be sure then that you stand aloof
 Unless you bring your tongue under my roose
 May be you'l say, that you have none, but I
 Am sure y't one have told me a divillish Tyce.
 Thus am I faine to vindicate my wrong
 In writing, because I have lost my tongue.

I am pateris telis vulnera facta tuis.

To this Brewer sending mee halfe a dozen
 tongues.

WEe judge it just that we distend our Jungs,
 In gratitude to you that sent us tongues.
 Wee were a little too long tongu'd but you
 Have made the tongues fit for our mouths Sir,
 now.

You seem to make us double tongud, for wee
 Expected but the halfe of what wee see,
 Our skill in Phisick sayes the Staggs did die
 Of feavers for the tongues were hot and drie,
 But wee to wash down such conceits, did make
 Them swim in best Beer for the Brewers sake.
 The beasts that lost them should not be more bruce
 Then wee, if we should offer to be mute.
 And where as wanting tougues we could allow
 But paper praise, we cry a largesse now.
 Thanks then thrice bounteous Sir, Twere sin if we
 should betongue-tyde, where your tongues are so
 free.

To my strange Rivall, servant to the Sister
of my Mistresse engrossing both
his owne and min:.

The Sceene Jack a Newbery.

Yare but a Jack by Jack a Newbery
To overcharge your selfe, to injurē mee
Be not so greedy, you two, and I none?
The time may come youl find enough of one
Neither had been of our desires bereft
Had you but had your right: and I the left,
Take heed you play not Aſops dog whilst you
Covet the ſubſtance, and the shadow too.
Truſt mee I muſt reſent this injurie
To ouerdoe your ſelfe to undoe mee
Tis baſeneſſe in the abſtract greedy ſinner,
Having thy belly full to crave my dinner.
But I perceive my talk is to no end,
For thou wilt burſt thy ſelfe to ſtarve thy friend.
This folly I have oft in children known,
Either two peeces, or they will have none.
And here to the I may it well apply
Tis better fill thy belly, then thy eye.
Traitor and theiſt thou, ſt rob'd mee of my Jewell
But for the ſeſt I de end it in a duell.
And faith I muſt too, come the worſt event
That can tis but ſix moneths imprisonment.
And what is that to mee ſince I muſt be
Her Prisoner even in height of liberty,
Say death enſue my challenge? ſhall I doubt
To dye for her, I can not live without:
Faile not this after noon then to meet mee
Preciſe at fower, at Jack a Newbery
Your weapons what you pleaſe; unleſſe my fate
Oppole, ilc ſend you home by Crippe-gate.

To a Gentleman that promised, but
failed, to meet mee at an
Ale-drapers.

NOW halfe an hower past six, and more, & faile:
Your friend, a second time? Come give us ale:
Are you all disappointment, is your frame,
And fabrick only such? Go fetch the same.
VVhat! was I borne to wait? upon my soule.
You wrong my patience; woman, fetch a Rowle.
Your actions are unhandsome, without basle
Or mainprize, y'are condemn'd, go fetch more Ale:
Shall we loose such a morning such fair weather?
Go (faith)even fetch a brace of pots together.
Look, if he ceme yet; we are sure of these?
Not yet in sight? goe fetch the Holland Cheeſe,
What? you don't ſee him yet; well, we muſt call
For t'other diſh of Ale, to wash downe all.
March in my black-brow'd pots; untill ye ſtand
Before mee, like an *Aſthiopian* band.
Faith, I am now in, goe to, trye, if yee
Eclipsed beauties, be good leachery.
Come then, and give me liproome, ſhall I not
Kiffe your black lipps? why? Ladyes kiffe the pot.
Yes I muſt kiffe, and friends; for it appeares
My wrath hath made me pull ye by the Eares.
Excuse me, pray, if I my ſelfe forgor,
For all the world can tell, I love the pot.
And therefore this doth my content beget,
Though I had no luck, I had pot-luck yet.

To another Gentleman, that served
me such a trick.

Not yet, nor yet, and yet the Chymes done going;
Some Beer, and Sugar boy! come, let's be
doing;

My expectations big, come fill away,
Hope is an Anchor, Anchors make us stay.
Hamborough-like, untill the Clock strike few
I mean to drink, *videlicet* till two;
Nay I'm resolved, if I be alive,
Since I am in, I will not out till five:
Then never grutch at what so e're you heare
I am no waiter, but where there's good cheare.
SIR, I am none of those, that can digest
Hopes false conception; Boy, fetch the best.
Hope is my issue, wherein I'm beguiled,
You got it, pray, then answer for the child;
If not, you must, nay(faith) you shall, be witting
To pay the Nurse; And that is just two shilling.

To a Philomuse from whom I received
a Paper upon the same Subject
and by the same Post.

Well my good Cos. what the same fish
That I was frying, faith i'de wish
To meet the ostner in my dish
The proverbs, good witts jump, we both design'd
The plot, yet neither knew each others minde.

But didst not think it strange to see,
My part borne in thy Symphonie?
Tru stmee I marvell'd much at thee,
Nay under *Morpheus* you complaine your *Muse*,
Mine under *Saturne*, *Not a pin to choose*.

Well fare thy pen ! recall'd to light
This plot, that else had slept in nigh';
(As dark as *Fax* his *Lanthron*) might
(Should we neglect such mercy) us include
In as high treason, deep ingratitude,

Ben godamercy for thy sonnet,
Let all *Papists* descend on it;
Whilst all *Protestants* vaile the Bonnet:
But for this time ile let thy praise alone,
Least having writ too : I bespeak mine own.

At the Florists Feast in Norwich Flora wearing a Crown.

Entlemen welcome *Flora* sayes so too,
For shee had had no feast now, but for you;
Once in a yeare *Appollo* deigns a smile,
And gravity it selfe admits a guile;
Mechanicks have their meetings, and as oft,
As the snake tooth to taile turnes, sing a lof.
Bibbers *Carowse* it to the god of Wine,
And everie bird will have his valentine.
But I had sav'd my labour of the rest,
Had I first said, each *Angel* hath his *Feast*.

How I have been neglected of late yeares,
To you, whom I my judges make, appeares;
I shall not stand to tell you, since the seeds
Of discord, I am overgrowne with weeds;

And justly verifie the jokes of those
 Who say, between two nettles sits a rose.
 Am not I Queene of Zephyr's familie?
 And my rich traine, the earths embroderie
 Are not my daughters the Olympian eyes?
 VVhose more then terrene luster, stellifies
 The muddy face of Ops, courting your view
 VVith colours, such as Ixis never knew.
 VVitness the feilds, luxurious in my smile,
 Presents the country every day a guile.
 But tush! I come not here, to feast your eyes
 VVith simples, such as rustick fopperies:
 For what alas! are bottles blew, or white,
 Or travellers joy, to cittizens delight?

Hence, rustickes, hence yee petty plumes of May,
 Though we'lk and beauty of the spring, away;
 This feast tar not with you, noe these are they
 Shall crowne the triumph of faire Floras day:
 The lilly and the rose, shall not be seene
 Amongst us, though of flowers the King, & Queene.
 Nor the humble violet, These, most lively, wee
 Can in the garden of your vertues see.
 Hence goldy-locks, though hand maid of the sun,
 Here's no roome for a pot companion;
 Save such whose pots pufc up with richest earth,
 Are the lucina's of a nobler birth,
 The immortall Amaranth, shall not here be showne
 Nor bee, who fancy'd no face but his owne:
 These are our toyes, our trifles, But now, wee
 Ceme to uncabinet our treasurie,
 The lustie and the country gallant too,
 As pledges of our loves present wee you.
 The spanish, French, and welch infantes we
 Commend for their unmatcht varietie.

The painted *Lady*, (think it though no taint
Unto her beauty, for tis natures paint)
The rare *Diana*, not shee whome we find
In the wild woods, noe, this is garden kinde;
On whom a man may looke, and, smiles importune,
Without the danger of a horned fortune.
Next this sweet dame, There's the *Begrovenere*,
The lovely *Comans*, The peerlesse *Grampeere*,
Speckemakers white, Taunies cumbers cornation
Are flowers which noth ing want but admyration.
The *murry, mullion*, and the *Baljudike*
T'were plenteous want of wisdome not to like;
The faire *Amelia*, the *Nymph Royall*, and
The *Turks cap*, the *adonis*, the *Le grand*,
The *Hugonant*, *Appelles*, and *French marble*,
Are such whose praise, a *phylomele* should warble.
The *Oxford* had attended on the crowne,
But that to tell you truth hee's out of towne.
Here's the gray *Hulo* though, and white *Cornation*,
Would challeng more then commonion commendation.
The *Yannocker*, the black *imperiall*
And *Crystall* too, the mirrour of them all.
Both *wiggons*, low, and *loftie*, *Angelot*
The *Stranger*, the *Catewyser*, and what not?
The *Duke of venice* prelence here you see,
And *York* the flower of the nobilitie.

Thus gentlemen hath, *Flora* told her storie,
If you can find a wish yet ask for more.
And yet (propitious soule) before you leave her,
Shee vows to bring you in the *Prince's* favour.
Had yee but met, when *tulops* were in towne
She then had given you every one a crowne.
But did I call the *Lillie king* of flowers?
Out of all doubt then these are *emperours*.
If those be *starrys* then these are *planets* suer,
If these but *shine*; those *simples* are *obscure*.

Heres colour upon colour, you may seek
 A field to match the graces of one cheek:
 But I shall add no more, save only thus,
 That here Comparison is odious.
Ceres, and *Bacchus*, promis'd to be here,
 And the best brewer sent us in our bere:
 Since thenere neither wants Beer, Wine, nor
 guest,

Flaggons and flowers shall flow at *Floras* feast.
 Let chearly Cups crown a carowing day;
 Ambrose shall broach, ye the *Ambrosia*.
 Your eyes see *Flora*'s heaven and that your eares,
 May feast too, hark *Apollo* moves the sphareas.

The Song.

Stay ! O stay ! ye winged howers,
 The windes that ransack East, and West,
 Have breathd perfumes upon our flowers,
 More fragrant then the *Phœnix* nest:
 Then stay ! O stay sweet howers ! that yee,
 May witnesse that, which time nere see.
 Stay a while, thou featherd Syth-maſſ,
 And attend the Queen of flowers,
 Show thy ſelf for once a blyth man,
 Come diſpence with a few howers:
 Else we our ſelves will stay a while,
 And make our paſtime, Time beguile.
 This day is deignd to *Floras* uſe,
 If yee will revell too, to night
 Wee ! preſſe the Grape, to lend ye juyce,
 Shall make a deluge of delight:
 And when yee cant hold up your heads,
 Our Garden ſhall afford ye beds.

AN E P I T A P H.
Upon Oliver O dead drunk.

Here lies a Lyon, and a Lamb,
Sweer, and savage, wilde and tame:
Courteous, carelesse, Poore, and proud,
Man, and no man: Little, and lowd:
Childrens May game; fine, for lorne,
Courtiers consol: Commons scorne:
Kind, and currish, would ye know
Who I mean? tis Oliver O,
That companion base and boon,
Sets and Rises with the Sun:
Thus in brief his exercise
He pipes, dances, and he dyes,
And when passing we can tell;
For he rings out his own knell.

Upon his second time being dead drunk.

Loe here,
Dead as the bere,
Was drawn last yeaer:
And Coffind up,
In a lost Cup,
Lyes, little heart O,
Who like a fast O,
Did now depart O.

Twas ruffe,
And with a puffe
Out went the snuffe.
Alas! how soon
Tis after noon?
This morning hee O,
Was companie O,
For thice, or mee O.

Tnd tooke
Ahe Spanish smoke,
Into his poke,
As it he meant
Sir, by consent
To tune his pipe O,
But being ripe, O,
Began to type O,
And shall to morrow morning make's approach
As quick, and lively, as the fresh abroach.

But P—O,
No more but so;
Tis Oliver O
Lets oversee
This scape for hee
The truth to tell O
Till he was mellow,
Was a good fellow;

An Epitaph upon a Weaver.

HERE lies a Weaver, whom that Turk
And tyrant, death turn'd out of work.
Poore fellow he is gone, what though?
Hee's out of bonds w^ould I were so.
Alas he sold Chameleon ware,
By which he saw'd scarce ought but aire.
Gone, quoth hee? I pray how shoulde he stay?
Such gaine will drive us all away.
Well, twas a sad and suddaine change,
And yet to me tis nothing strange.
For trading's dead, and wares will give
No price at all, how shoulde he live?

*An Epitaph.
Dedicate to the Memorie of
Dr. Ed. Cook.*

UNsile your Captive floods; what, can ye keep
Your eyes from teares, and see the Marble weep?
Burst

Burst out for shame, or if yee find no vent
 For greife, yet stay and see the stones relent;
 If still you can forbear; weepe then to see:
 Your stupid hearts more stone, then Niobe.

On goodwife Plaine.

Here with out either welt, or gard,
 Lyes goody *Plaine* in the Church yard:
 Fresh in our memoryes, till the next raine,
 Setle the earth againe, downe *plaine*.

On W. G.

A great swearer but little lyar,

V. Will. the swearer's dead and gon,
 V. Vhether? you may guesse anon.
 Say hee is inheaven J dare not
 In that sacred place they sweare not.
 VVhere then? not in hell, no dounbr,
 For heed sweare the devill out,
 What must then become of him,
 Does hee neither sinck nor swim;
 Heavens for bid, we'll judge the best,
 And conclude his souls' at rest.
 Of his oathes, hee did repent him,
 And his conscience do'unt torment him.
 And hee shall (heavens mercy crav'd)
 By Gods bloud, and wounds be sav'd

*In memoriam Roberti Dey
 Pharmacap. Norv.*

Arts Parramour is dead, that men may see,
 Nature hath no' hold of eternitie.

O that my teares were legible that I,
 And my sad muse might weep his elegit!
 Norwich, in sorrows weeds attend his urne,
 It not for his; yet for your owne sakes mourne.
 Remember citizens, yee us'd to fly
 To sue out your reprises from death, to Dy:
 Whose salutiforous *magazine* of artes,
 Was your cheite *Sanctuary* against deatl.'s darts.
 There, feeble nature in a trice might be,
 Arm'd against all diseases Cap ape.
 But hee is gone, and in a good old age,
 Tooke his calme *Exit* of a turbulent stage:
 His death as harmelesse as his birth, from whence
 His years were crownd with double innocence;) good
 Whilst wee, (for so perhaps heavens have thought
 Are left, to write our stories in our bloud.
 Time's syth hath wounded him, but hee hath got
 Such *semper-vivum*, as hee feels it not.
 With *faire*, *hope*, *charitie*, & *contrition*
 He made up his *Celestiall composition*:
 And with an *unctions* name hee mixt a *Roll*,
 Of *Graia-dei* for his wounded soule:
 Now his thread yeilded to the *Sisters* knife,
 For *Aqua-vite* hee drinkes water of life.
 Much might unto his prayses spoken be,
 And only this one truth; namely that hee,
 Even Dey, the true *Apothecary* was,
 All that are left, are but synoyma's.

*To the perpetuall memory of my ever
 honoured Cozen Mr. E. H.*

Under this sad marble lyes,
 Natures pride; and beauties prizc:

Such

Such, so sweet her accents were,
 As would charme a Syrens care;
 Such her modest mode as shee.
 Taught the turtle charitie,
 In summe a more veruous wife,
 Never sweetend husbands life.
 To conclude then, all was shee,
 Man could wish, or woman be,
 Who lycs here, like treasure found,
 Not above but under ground.

A Legacie to VRBANIA
 an unworthy Cittie.

Citty ingrate, nay worse, but Ile include,
 All your good nature, in ingratitude.
 Welfare your costly swordes which now yee wou'd
 As faine encrimson in my inocept bloud.
 As ere yee wisht m^o Crucifige accept you; ab! y^u
 Hosanna cry, and hosenecha too:
 Is it in this; in this, I pray, I wrong yee
 To spend my selfe, and my estate among yee?
 If weary steps to make your Citty flourish,
 If head, if heart, if Purse employ'd to nourish
 Widows distrest, and orphans be a cronic,
 Grant heaven no worse offence take up my time,
 Bark on black mouthed envie, yee as soone,
 Affright mee, as the Syrian wolves, the moone:
 Nor doe I envie thole, have sought with cost,
 The honourable trouble, I have lost:
 Lord fill my heart with thanks, my mouth with praise
 My haires may yet see halcyon dayes:
 God guards mee still, though I've no swordes t
 t'davance,
 Though no fine cap, God is my maintenance.

In Honorem Poetarum.

WHose poore conceit is that
That Poets should be poore?

They talk they know not what,

Alas! they wish no more,

They have Enough in that they see

Content is worth a monarchy.

Do not the sacred Nine,

Come daily to their houses,

And break their fast, and dine,

And sup, and soop carouses?

Who calls them poore then, that are able,
To feast the Muses at their table?

Yee go to Poets, when

Your dearest friends be dead,

They give them life agen

Though they be buried:

Tis strange then, Poets should not live

That thus can life to dead men give.

Yea all the world must know,

Save those to truth averse,

The swaine was taught to plow,

By Virgills fertil verse.

Tis strange then, he should needy be,

Found out the art of Husbandry.

Riplie was rich I trow,

Whose Poems did enfold

That which men hunt for so,

The art of making Gold:

He had the Phylesophick stone,

Sure hee, must then be rich, or none.

Yea, do not all men say?
 Poets dare any thing:
 Pray was not noble *May*
 Calld brother by a *King*?

Nor is it more then true report,
 Satyrick lir es have hang'd a sort.

Euridice could tell
 That being ravisht hence,
 Bold *Orpheus* ransackt hell,
 And rescu'd her from thence.

Yea verses so *Magnetick* are,
 They fetch the Moon down from the sphear.

Nor have they only power,
 But gifts of prophesie,
 The most celestiall dower,
 Heavens give mortalitie.

Sure then they can't want costly *Cates*,
 Being *Oracles* and *Potentates*.

They that have most, still itch
 For more, more baggs to stuffe,
 Whilst they are only rich,
 Can see they have enuffe;

How poorly fools of Poets prate?

Come, they are poore, whom God doth hate.

Princeps; & Vates non quovis nascitur anno.

Man.

WHat time *Jehovah* heaven, & earthis *Creator*
 Had fully finisht the world vast *Theater*
 He brings up *Man*, and gives the world to see,
 His curious art, in their *Epitome*:

Whic h.

VVhich but in man, he in no creature would.
They but of Simple, hee of Compound mould:
They but of bodyes only doe consist,
In man a bodie, and a soule consist; . . .
His bodie his base part, earth represents,
His heaven-breath'd soule, earth's soule, the element.
The ingredients of the world are water Aire,
Earth, fire, such man's ingredients are.
Your leave, And thus the semblance I rehearse,
Betweene the great and little Universe.

His head's orbicular, like the circular skies,
Whose lamps meet rivalls, in his orient eyes;
And as tis heaven most like, tis heaven most neare,
Reason swayes her majestieſt ſcepter there;
That divine guest that makes a man, thence all
The ſenses borrow their originall;
And as their ſole and ſupreme court, repaire,
To manifest their virtues in that chaire.
Nor may I here forget that comely front,
That ſo surprises all that looke upon it;
Those lovely lineaments, those goodly graces,
Attend the sweets of well proportiond faces;
What wonders nature in his tongue commences,
The instruments of delicious ſenses?
Which wee beyond expreſſe of times, refresh,
With rapsodies from that ſmall ſilme of flesh.
How right heres *Pax* and *phaebus*? whilst our cares
Are part all twixt our voyces, and the ſpheares:
Some time tis full, and makes his voice as loud,
As thundring roaring from the shattered cloud.
But let's goe downward with his heires and ſee
How it does with the piles of grallie agree;
The number well concurres, in each wee ſee
The numerouſe foot ſteps of a deſtie;
Both the effect of moiſture; who ſo ſeekes
The *Rafe*, or *Littie*, they ſo blow in his cheeks;

Navy

Nay what can you present, but hee commands,
 The lively transhape, from his *Proteas* handes?
 His bloud is like the streams that to, and fro
 Turning, and winding are, the center through:
 Should I here swell my story, to present
 The office of each *chord*, each *ligament*,
 The *Nerves*, the *tendons*, and the *Arteries*,
 My life would be too short to finish these,
 Nay there's no member, but in it I see
 A theame of wonder to eternitie.

And yet this body wee can't prayse enuffe,
 Compare it with the soule ti's sordid stuffe:
 Ther's not such difference, t'wixt the sorrie case,
 And Jewell; t'wixt the mask, and the faire face:
 God made mans body after all the rest
 Add after that inspir'd the soule the best:
 The body from the earth the dust, ascends,
 The incompounded soule from God descends:
 T'is not the flesh, but in the soule, that wee
 Assume the image of the deitie.
 The bodie's subject to mort alitie,
 The soul part of the living God can't dye.
 Natures appointed time of change revolves,
 And it into his elements desolves;
 His native heat does to the fire repaire,
 Water to water breath unto the aire.
 The bones, and parts that are more solid must
 Lye prisners till they render dust to dust;
 Meane time the soul, her native station keeps
 In heauen, whilst nature in her causes sleeps.

A Guesse at H E L L.
Par nulla figura Gebenna.

A Cursed Topbeth ! how shall I define,
 This dismal dungeon, this sad Cell of thine:
 So dark, so duskie, so devoid of light,
 How shall I see to draw thy picture right?
 VVhat Colours shall I grinde? Colours (said I)
 Thou art all black, black as *Proserpines Eye*.
 Deep, & declive, beneath the dead Sea is
 In a blinde hole, this thy all black Abyss.
 Thy pitchie Pallace, where the chearly Sun
 Nerecomes, as out of his commision:
 Nor lends the Moon so much as one odd night,
 To qualifie thy darknesse, with her light,
 VVhich we but sleep by? No, nor all the yeare
 Does one small starre on thy dark front appeare.
 Thou blackest Moore; ask but thy *Danaan* traine?
 Their tub tash tells thee thou art labour in vaine
 Goe ask *Ixion* else, or him whose stone
 Gathers no mosse, they all conclude in one..
 Thou the true *Negro* art, and *Patentee*
 Of utter shades, there is no night but thee:
 The darknes the *Egyptians* felt, was but
 A type of thine, and but too fairely cut:
Tyatarous Tullian, how thy tract is trod?
 To *Baatzebub*, knight of the black rod;
 Whose haggie haire, curls into snaky torts,
 More terrible then poets poore reports:
 His ghastly, yea his grislie looke, is such
 My sense fosakee mee, if I thinke on't much:

His

His hornes, the pitch fork is, where with he turnes
 Those broyling Sceletons, he ever burns
 In flames that never shall be quencht, but hark,
 I talk of flames, and yet I call Hell dark!
 Flames I confess there are, but black, not bright,
 Ye a there is fire, and yet no fikelight:

Fowle scind ! thy nose is like a *Comet*, or
 The rayle, of some prodigious *Meteor*.
 Well may it serve thee for thy red hot purr,
 VVherewith thou dost thy stifling sulphur stirre:
 Thy sooty Eybrowes, are as black as coales,
 Smoakt with thine eyes, that flame like Oven holcs
 Meane while the Corners where fresh Brimstone
 lies,

Pretend a yellow Jandyse in thine eyes.
 But 'tis the black, the black (fiend) is thy griefe,
 But thy disease admits of no relieve.
 Thy mouth like raging *Ena* vomits fire,
 The furious flakes of thy unflak't desire,
 As much attractive, and as merciless, as
 The 7 times hotter headed furnace was.
 Thine armes are fire fetters, that embrace
 Those monuments of miserie whose sad case
 Thou do'st not pitie, though though seem'd
 while,

To weep upon them, like the *Crocodile*.
 Have you not heard of smoaking Sodom ? such
 His breath's, But *Sodom* smoak's not half so much.
 His veynes are streams of sulphur : His loud Jungs
 His bellows; And his hideous hands his tongues;
 His black, and melancholly bloud containes
 VVorse venime, then ere lurk in *Centaur's* veines.
 And by his cloven foot, 'tis plainly shewn,
 His Kingdom run's upon Division.

These are his titles. The *Unfathom'd Gulfe*,
 The *Roaring Lion*. And the *Raging woolfe*.
 The *Wild Beast* of the *Forrest*, The *Annoyer*
 Of *Christian liberty*, The *Destroyer*.
 The *Mortall Enemy* of all ^{is} an kinde,
 By these and such like tearmes is he defin'd;
 Father of *Falshood*, *Feeces* of the *Cup*
 Of *Condemnation* who can summe thee up?
 O: set thee forth, No hand can ere effect it,
 Unless that hand, that captiv'd thee, direct it.
 Envye her *Ensign* on thy front displaies,
 And like the *Basilisk* at distance slayes;
 Thy Nose steep as the *Alpes* parts two deep Cells;
 On this side, *Hatred*: I hat side *Malice* dwells.
 And cause such beauty some preservatives askes,
Shame and *Confusion* are thy constant masks,
 But least my *Charkole* faile to finish thee,
 Thou art the form, of all deformity.

As for thy *vaſſalls*, thus begin their evills:
 Their entrance strait transforms them into Devils
 Their entertainment will be such, as they
 Shall flee to death, But death will flye away:
 Hard are their haps, so vainly shall implore
 A deadly *requiem*, at death's deafned dore.
 The torturous worme, that gnawes their consciences
 Doe's like *Prometheus* vultur never cease
 Curses are all their hymmes: Their parched
 throats,

Cant *Lachrymæ* in lamentable notes.
 Their Ditties, blasphemies, screichin their straines
 Howling their tune, whose burthen greife sustaines
 With sighs, and sobs, gnashing their teeth, they
 run

Their dolefull descent, and division:
 Well knew, our Saviour, *Iudas* sad estate
 When he pronounc'd his birth infortunate:

Alas!

Alas! these sufferings are insufferable,
Yet must be borne, although they be not able,
Sad is the strength, that is but lent us to
Sustaine the *Atlas* of a greater woe.

Of fables fond, and foolish, Poets tell,
That *Hercules* went, and return'd from *Hell*.
VVell might he goe, but if he ere return'd
To tell his rearriall: Hee be burn'd.
Hee that comes to this place, he must discuss
His *Exit*, with a stouter *Cerberus*.

Alcides night, and *Orpheus* mirth, must faile,
They can not 'gainst the gates of *Hell* prevaile.
No hope of breaking out the Dungeons deep,
And the vast wall envyrons it, is steep.
Yet grant it scalable, there's a dreadfull Mote,
Nine times surrounds it that will bear no boat:
Son, such a Gulph twixt thee, and mee, doth flow
Thou canst not hither, nor we thither goe.
Despaire, and dye, hope no revocative day,
Since thou art banisht into *Scybia*.

Yee that drinke the worlds *Leibe*, forget God,
See here his *Scorpions*, and his flaming rod.
Yee jested with edg'd tooles since *Mercyes* heele
VVas lead: But *Justice* hath a hand of steel.
Depart saies Christ, depart wretch from my sight,
Into the bosome of confused Night.

Hurry him hence: Head long him down beneath,
To the black vally of eternall death.

Think not wretch I con mand thy *Curtaines* close,
To apt thine eyes to a more sweet repose:
No! *Hells* hard servic'd *Centinells*, must keep
Continuall watch, and never, never sleep.
Nor be receiv'd: No *Cycean lullabies*,
Shall be of power to charm their damned eyes:
Think now, profanest liver, Dobut think,
How thou of this so bitter Cup, wilt drink:

Call in thy thought and but consider well
 And tell me now, but what thou thinkst of Hell !
 Didst thou lye waking on a bed more soft
 Then downe, pluckt from the Ravens plume , how
 oft

Wouldest thou wish morning ? lingring for the
 light

Though bed-rid, but a poor Cymmerian night:
 Think then how thou wilt soile thy restlesse head,
 Where everlasting burning is thy bed.

Think then I say of their accurst condition,
 Whose misery shal have no intermission:
 This is that bitter draft, whose dire dregs be
 The limits of these woes, Eternity.
 Here I break off, should I proceed to tell
 What thou hast lost that were another Hell.

— *En ultima tanti
 Meta furoris adest.*

A glimiring glimpse of Heaven.

Heaven ! Lord what's that ? Is it that heap of
 treasure
 The worldling hugs so ? Or that sweet of pleasure
 So idolizd ? Is it that glorious pufse
 Of Honour, where with men nere swell enufse :
 Or is it beauty, whose Celestiall fire,
 Blewes up that *Aina* of the worlds desire ?
 Lyes it else in Revenge that sweet, sweet ease,
 Of injuries ; Noe, noe, tis none of these.
 For wealth, alas ! hath wings, and all the rest
 Are vanity of vanity at best.
 What is it then ? earths Vide-streacht Canopic
 The glittering surface of the ambient skie ?
 Is it the Sun ? that glorious globe of light
 Or his bright consort, *Impress* of the night.

Noe,

Noe, none of these, we must ascend a spheare
 Two stories higher, then our eyes, and there
 O there this Heaven of heaven is, But first I
 Er'e I can tell you, what it is, must dye.
 In vaine for Heaven I darkling groap about,
 I can not see't, untill these eyes be out.
 Eyes have not seen, nor hath mans mortall eare
 Heard of the joyes, the joyes of joyes are there.
 Nor hath it enter'd into th' heart of man,
 Tis too angust, ah ! tis too small a span
 To entertain't, we must perforce decline it,
 Heaven were not Heaven, Could flesh, and bloud
 define it.

Grant, O my God, that I not being able
 To wade thus deep, make not Heaven seem a stable.

But loe ! the sacred spirit here, descends
 Unto our understanding, and commends
 This inexpressive paradise, and even
 As it were by reflection shewes us Heaven.
 Which he a sumptuous City calls, Built on
 And by Christ Jesus the true corner stone,
 Not made with hands, the Citty is foure square,
 East, West, North, South Gates *Æquidistant* are.
 Length, height, breadth, depth, do all conspire to be
 The uniforme of perfect Symetrie.
 Twelve gates there are of most magnificent state,
 Made of twelve Pearles, Of every Pearle a Gate,
 And as twelve gates of twelve rich Pearles; so hore
 Twelve rich foundations, of twelve gemms appear:
 The *Sardus*, *Saphir*, and the *Sardonix*,
 The *Topas*, *Jasper*, and *Jacynth* are six.
 The *Berill*, *Emtrald*, and *Chalcedonite*,
Chrysoprasus, *Amethis*, and *Chrysolite*;
 Make up the four times three, whose sparkling light
 Banish all possibility of might.
 The stately streets, all along as ye passe,
 Are pav'd with Gold, transparent as pure glasse,
 Through

Through which, the silver streames of life convey
 Their Christal Currents,whilst in rich array,
 On either side this glittering Tagus stand
 The trees of life, whose boughs bow to the hand,
 There's neither Sun , nor Moon in that bright
 Spheare,

Hee that lent them their light himselfe shines
 there.

There's none that watch , nor none that guard
 relieves,

What need there? since theres neither night, nor
 theevs.

Theres nothing grieves, no being all amort,
 Darkness and Death, are strangers in that Court.
Envy, Backbiting, Malice, and Disgrace,
 Sorrow and Sickness, dwell not in that place,
 VVithout are dogs; nothing that is uncleane
 Hath any part, in that Celestiall Scene.

But Meekness, Faith, and joy, and Cordiall love,
 Such are the starres, in that bright orb that move.
 There they for ever feast their Eyes on thee,
 On whom one glance, eternall life would be.

How shall I hope sufficiently t'admire
 Those living powers, in thy Celestiall quire?
 Those thousand thousands that attend upon
 The radiant throne, of thy all glorious Sonne?
Angells, Archangels, Cherubins, and Thrones,
 Amazing Seraphins, and Dominions?
 Which in thy highest presence allwayes sit,
 Enjoying happ'nesse next to infinite.
 Any of which descending from his storie,
 Would exstacy, and kill us with his glory.

Here close your lids my daring eyes, least yee,
 Where angells hide their faces, be too free:
 Lord how I reach, and roame t'uncurtaine heaven;
 Whilſt I am even of mine own ſelf bereaven?

O take

O take these setters ! take these clogs from mee;
 Take these scales from mine eyes , that I may see
 Thy tabernacle, Thy Hierusalem;
 VVcl thou heavens Monarch , hast prepared for
 them

That love, and feare thee: Ah me ! when shall I
 Come and appeare before thy Majestye?
 VVhere ere thou beest, let me but see thy face;
 I'le ask no other heaven, no other place:
 If thou descend into th' abyse below,
 My soule shall wish no other heaven to know:
 VVhere thou art, heaven is ; 'tis not the resort
 Of Courtiers : But the King , that makes the
 Court.

Thus have I taken paines, to shew ye that,
 VVhich is, I must confess, I know not what.

M core Fie

This afternoon I met the tribe of Gad,
 Running through Bedlam as they had been mad
 Shuffling and shouldring at so strange a rate,
 As if they strove to enter the strait gate.
 VVith that seeing the conflux of the traine
 I could not choose but mak't Turne againe Lane,
 And down the stream making my armes, my Oares
 I row'd to Moore fields, where I found more whores
 Gentle, and simple, then a man could meet,
 Either in Turn ball, or in Turn up Street.
 Satting and Silk , and Peticoats brocado
 Marcht like an Amazonian armado,
 Furious as your French troops, scarce ere a wench
 But by her out side , shew her inside French.

Some

Some zealous Gitt'zens shew their wives,
that even

By being Cuckolds, they might go heaven.
It made me laugh to see their sweeping trailes
In spite of Barbars pusses, powder their tailes.
O how the leacherous dust did vaught! and rise
Twixt the crostle Chevernes of their foaming
thighs.

So light were they, so given to the *Temp*
VVhat men would nor, the very winds took up.
VVith that said I, now too too well perccive I,
Y'are not the tribe of *Gad* alone, But *Levi*.

Meane while the trees in such even order grow,
They seem'd a second *Pater noster* now.

They raild in-grassè-plot as a spacious shop
Of Summer weeds for Virgins was set ope.

And many gallants came from out the towne
Thither, to give their Ladies a green-Gowne.
Here is great wrastling, Boyes, and men, and all
And here and there a woman takes a fall;
Venter on which you please, if men you like,
Know then they sayle close by the Wind-mil strike.

If you from men, to women be departers,
You shall not faile to meet them in the quarters.

And therefore if your purpose that way stand
Goe see for them, when you can't see your hand
And to your work (my friend) tis Country play
Not by the belt but felt, catch that catch may.
Be not discourag'd for the duskie night
Bee't nere so dark, Ile warrant you a light.

More of *Moore-fields* if you desire to know,
Faith I have ta'ne my turne: And so must
you,

Upon

Upon the sickness, and recovery of
a faire and fairely promised
L A D T.

B ut hadst thou Death such hopes alive,
Thy sute could ever thrive,
In flatt'ring her
T' her Sepulher,
From her approaching bridall bed,
Alas! thy hopes are dead.
Dead as thy selfe
Unwelcome else,
But would you faine forestall, forsooth
The sweets of bloody youth?
Your sute is cold
And you too bold.
Suffise it long time hence that thou
Bath in her aged snow,
Couldst thou her send
To thy dark bed?
Her orient Eye would shoot a ray
Should make thy midnight day;
As though the Sun
Did thither run,
And all his rutilous Jewells set
In that close Cabinet.
Then should mournin
See joyes morning;
Then palest ashes should revive
And Death be made alive.
Whilst we, blindlwee,
It wee would see.

Muſt all our light Cymerian like,
 From ſtintie bosomes ſtrike;
 But thanks to Heaven,
 Death is bereaven:
 Th' Eclipse is paſt, and beauties light
 Haſt baniſht dead of night.
 See, ſee the love.
 Of heaven above.
 For we have here Gods bлаſtings got
 And the warme Sun to boot.
 O let us now
 Low as earth bew;
 And gratefull ſacrifices give,
 To him that here ſaid, let her live.

*To a Gentleman desiring mee to write a
 Paper of Verſes upon his ſitting
 whilſt the Painter was
 drawing his Picture.*

And Poet too? muſt you your figure ſee
 In ſilent, and in ſpeaking poētic?
 I could admit this double task, in caſe
 You had like *Faſtus* too a double face.
 Say, is it your deſire? whilſt he does take
 Your ſuperficiall lineaments, I ſhould make
 Your vertues image? Is it this you mean?
 I muſt like *Momus* have a Caſement then,
 Or feare you men will ſay you are a creature,
Narcifſus like in love with your own feature?
 And therefore have the Painter to produce,
 A colour: And the Poet an excuse:

Come

Come be adv is'd by mee, go to your wife,
Ile warrant you your Picture to the life.
Here you compose your countenance, And set,
Whilst may be shee's drawing your counterfeir.
Come the true way of lively like commanding
Is never done by sitting, But by standing.

Perf. — — *Pictoribus atque Poetis*
Quidlibet audiendi semper fuit aqua potestas.

*To an impudent Scold that perpetually haunts
her Husband, and not only abuseth
him but what soever Com-
pany is with him.*

Woman (but may I call the so, and not
Forfeit that little judgment I have got?
Is't not enough y'are uglic, but beside
Your ill shape you must be ill quality'd?
I had suppos'd that such a one as you
Whose face a winning feature never knew
A woman (if that appellation may
Be yet allow'd) made of the coursest clay:
And of a fabrick so imperfect as't
Is well concluded nature was in hast.
I had suppos'd I say, that such a bruite,
Had caule more then enough to have been mute
At least shee should if shee had silence broke.
With *Balams* Affe but once, and wisely spoke.
But you unlock the thunder of your voice,
And twenty Iron Mills make not more noyse:
VWhen you begin the clamour of your prate
You make the rabulous rout at Billings-gate.

Nute as their Fish: VVere you my wife forsooth,
I should lockup the Barn-doores of your mouth.
Or ferret-like, low't up, My wife said I?
Some Planet first dispatch me from the skie.
Ide ransack beds of clay, and light upon
The Devill in a new fal lne sceleton.
Or what in man, or Hells invention worse is
Them think of the, Of thee thou curse of Curses,
O wretch thy Husband, O unfortunate.
I drewne mine Eyes in sorrow for his fate.

I finde in story an enchanted Lasse
All day a Hagge: All night an angell was
His luck poor man is worse, for meeting you
Hee's haunted with a Hagge day and night too,
For when abroad in this sad plight he goes
Seeking some corner to unbreast his woes;
You follow him hot feot, and range about
Beating all bushes till you finde him out.
And when hee once but in your sight appeares,
You spend, And with full cry confound his eares,
And ours too, who admire what you intend him
VVhether to bait him, or to apprehend him,
Thus like *Aetron* with affrights hedg'd round
Hee flyes the furie of his owne feirce hound,

We know your language you Tartarian whore
That use to play bo-peep at Tavern dore.
Peaking for pimping rascalls, and when ere
Yon feare discouery, what's my Husband here:
Thus you obstreperous strumpet, Thus you must
Make your poore Husband cloak for your base lust.
Come, come, the proverb yet did never faille.
They that are quick of tongue, are quick of taile.
And I too plainly see, (though I am loth
To be too publick) you are quick of both.
Ile blast you with contempt if ere you come
To ask for Husband henceforth in my roome,

And

And teare your tongue from roofe and roots if ere
I heare againe, What is my Husband here.
And to the Company speak a word unmeet
Wee'l kick you through the Gantlet of our feet.

G 3

The



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